

THE SMEDLEYS

OF MATLOCK BANK



HENRY STEER

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THE SMEDLEYS OF MATLOCK BANK.



no macy

BORN 1803, DIED 1874.

THE SMEDLEYS OF MATLOCK BANK:

BEING

A Review of the Religious and Philanthropic Labours

OF

MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMEDLEY.

BY

HENRY STEER.

Dedicated (by permission)

TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS
OF LORNE.

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1897.

THIS BRIEF RECORD
OF THE
DEVOTED, RELIGIOUS, PHILANTHROPIC, AND REMEDIAL
LABOURS OF
MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMEDLEY,
OF
MATLOCK BANK,
IS DEDICATED
(BY HER KIND PERMISSION)
TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCESS LOUISE,
MARCHIONESS OF LORNE,
WHO HAS EVER SHOWN
A GRACIOUS SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING HUMANITY,
AND
AN AFFECTIONATE INTEREST IN EVERY HEALING AGENCY
THAT HAS PROMISED TO SECURE THE RELIEF
OF
HUMAN WOES.

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NOTE.

IN presenting this sketch of the united life-work of two persons who conferred lasting benefits on their generation, I desire gratefully to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Mr. J. Buckley, Mr. John Ward, The Smedley Hydropathic Company, Mr. J. L. Dean, Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, and also of Mr. Grundy, the late Mr. R. Keene, of Derby, and Mr. Statham, of Matlock, photographic artists.

H. S.

DERBY, 1897.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. HYDROPATHY OR WATER-CURE - - -	1
II. THE SMEDLEY FAMILY - - -	4
III. THE HOSPITAL AT LEA MILLS - - -	13
IV. RELIGIOUS AND PHILANTHROPIC LABOURS - -	18
V. THE ESTABLISHMENT AT MATLOCK BANK - -	26
VI. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HYDROPATHIC SYSTEM -	49
VII. EXTENSIONS AT MATLOCK BANK - - -	64
VIII. RIBER CASTLE - - -	79
IX. DEATH OF MR. SMEDLEY - - -	83
X. MRS. JOHN SMEDLEY - - -	89
APPENDIX : TESTIMONIES, INCIDENTS, ANECDOTES, ETC. -	110

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
JOHN SMEDLEY - - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE OLD HOME AT LEA MILLS - - - - -	9
THE FIRST HYDRO UPON MATLOCK BANK - - - - -	28
SMEDLEY'S HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT. FOUNDED 1852 -	32
THE RIVER DERWENT AT MATLOCK - - - - -	35
THE HIGH TOR, MATLOCK - - - - -	39
THE HIGH TOR, MATLOCK, SECOND VIEW - - - - -	43
GROUND IN WINTER - - - - -	47
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GROUNDS, ETC. - - - - -	57
GENTLEMEN'S BATH HOUSE - - - - -	61
A CORNER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM - - - - -	69
DRILL-ROOM AND WINTER PROMENADE - - - - -	73
RIBER CASTLE FROM THE NORTH-WEST - - - - -	<i>To face 80</i>
COLLOTYPE MONOGRAMETTE - - - - -	
CAROLINE ANN SMEDLEY, BORN 1822, DIED 1892 - - - - -	91
LEA HURST, NEAR MATLOCK, THE HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE - - - - -	99

CHAPTER I.

HYDROPATHY OR WATER-CURE.

As Mr. and Mrs. John Smedley, the subjects of this biography, were so long and so intimately associated with what is known as the 'Water-cure,' it is fitting that some attention should first be given to the origin and development of the Hydropathic system, and its introduction into the county of Derbyshire.

The employment of water as an agency in the cure of disease is probably as old as the human experience of suffering. It is hardly necessary to present the evidence which history supplies that bathing was used as a remedy in very early times.

'The Lord createth medicines out of the earth,' we read in Old Testament phraseology. 'Hath He not made the waters sweet with wood, that the virtues thereof might be known? With such doth He heal men, and take away their pains.' These words certainly suggest some kind of water-cure, and the expression 'sweet waters' indicates impregnation with some particular healing virtues. Medicated waters should be understood to carry natural, and in no sense miraculous, efficacy. Certain so-called medicinal waters, such as the sulphur springs of Harrogate, have a very strong taste and smell, but many doctors on the spot have very little faith in their efficacy, save in certain well-

defined forms of disease. Their general utility, as remedial agencies, has long been seriously questioned. On the other hand, the simple spring waters of Matlock, which have no special or recognisable medicinal qualities, but are remarkably pure and soft, are found singularly efficient for hydropathic purposes. The treatment of diseases by cold water was practised by Hippocrates in the fourth century B.C. ; by the Arabs in the tenth century A.D. ; and it was revived by Dr. Currie in 1797.

The Romans were famous for their construction of baths, and during their residence in this country they erected some in the vicinity of hot springs, not merely for the sake of convenience and economy, but also with some idea of the additional recuperative power of water when it is heated. The evidence that cold spring-water has for generations been used to advantage in cases of fever is overwhelming, but of late years its use has to a large extent given place to warm water applications. The employment of water as a healing agent has grown in popular favour by leaps and bounds. Vincenz Priessnitz (died 1851), an unlettered peasant of Austrian Silesia, gave the movement a greater impetus than any other person during the last five hundred years ; but, taking into due account his undoubted success and popularity, it can hardly be said that the system has yet been taken up with that degree of enthusiasm which might reasonably have been expected.

Captain Clarige introduced hydropathy into England in the year 1840, and Dr. Wilson, of Malvern, adopted the system in the same year. He tells us in his voluminous work, entitled, 'The Water-Cure, and Household Medical Science,' that he was the first English medical man who went to visit Gräffenberg, and he adds, 'I have every reason to believe that if I had not gone there, the water-cure would

hardly yet have excited attention, or made any progress in this country. . . . My success in practice here induced many medical men to visit Gräffenberg, and also to adopt the practice. On my return to England the water-cure met with no encouragement from any of my medical friends, with the exception of one. . . . Many were opposed to my undertaking (building a house at a cost of twenty thousand pounds), but when it was finished and full of patients, the effect was much what might have been anticipated. House-building began and went on increasing rapidly, and there is now a new town of commodious villas and lodgings.'

Dr. Macleod conducted a very successful Hydropathic Institution at Ben Rhydding, near Ilkley, in Yorkshire, and the benefit which Mr. John Smedley received there led to his devoting himself to the establishment of a similar institution in his native county of Derbyshire.

CHAPTER II.

THE SMEDLEY FAMILY.

JOHN SMEDLEY was born at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, on June 12, 1803. This town has gained some literary interest as the place where Elizabeth Evans, the aunt of George Eliot, resided, who was taken by that gifted authoress as the original of Dinah Morris, in 'Adam Bede.' Smedley's birth-place was a cottage which has given place to the present Bank. His paternal ancestors had been engaged in lead-mining in the neighbourhood of Wirksworth, but his grandfather's step-sire, being engaged in the worsted spinning and hosiery trade, induced Thomas Smedley to join him, and John Smedley's father continued in this business.

His mother's family, the Brights and Woods of Wirksworth, Winster, and Woodthorpe, were possessed of considerable landed property. Mrs. Smedley's great-grandfather was a magistrate of the county, and her grandfather was an attorney-at-law. Mr. John Smedley had small portraits of his grandparents and their wives, and the likenesses of two other members of the family who had lived in the reign of James II. On his mother's side he was also related to the Slingleys of Nottingham. Robert Moore (A.D. 1686), an ancestor of John Smedley's mother, owned Winster Hall, resided there, and had a considerable estate. He married Elizabeth Heywood, of Cromford Bridge House,

in 1705. Some silver plate of hers and a clock were taken to Cromford Bridge House by Mr. Smedley's father in 1818, just 113 years after. On the clock the births and deaths of all Mr. Smedley's family are marked, and this clock was an excellent timekeeper, in its mahogany case, at Riber Castle. John Smedley had a considerable number of heirlooms: articles of dress, ornaments, and a china bowl which had been used at the marriages and christenings of the Woods and the Brights for some two hundred years.

Hannah, the great-granddaughter of Robert Moore, of Winster, married the Rev. D. Ewes Cooke, and their son was owner of the Dove estate, it having been devised to him in 1721 by Anthony Stones. Margaret Ridgway, the daughter of Tristram Ridgway, lead merchant, Wirksworth, was a direct ancestress of John Smedley, and she married this Anthony Stones, who also left considerable property round Wirksworth to the Ridgways. One of these Ridgways built what was for many years known as 'Ridgway's Folly,' on the hillside, near Gorsey Bank. The intended mansion was never finished, and was subsequently purchased by John Toplis, the banker, as building materials for the mansion which he was erecting in Wirksworth.

Smedley's great-grandfather, one of the Brights, died about 1717, leaving to his widow real estate of considerable value. This lady took John Smedley's mother, who was her eldest granddaughter, to live with her at Wirksworth; and in that town his father had, only a short time before, commenced business on his own account. He soon took the lead in spinning, and in manufacturing hosiery of the best qualities. Scarcely, however, had Smedley's parents been married twelve months when business calamities befell them. Mr. Smedley's brother Isaac, who was a wholesale

hosier in Milk Street, London, failed in business, and as Mr. Smedley had fully trusted his brother, he became seriously involved in his failure, and lost the whole of his property. His name, however, had been associated with the manufacture of a very superior class of goods, and this led to an offer of assistance from Mr. Jeffrey Ludlam, a London army clothing contractor and hosier. With this assistance, and subsequently that of another business man, named Cane, who secured a monopoly of the goods produced, and so increased the profits, Mr. Smedley tided over this difficult time.

During this very trying period John Smedley's mother contributed, in no small degree, to the re-establishment of the business. With a brave spirit of endurance, and with much patient industry, she superintended the sewing department of the manufacture; and this both lightened the cost of production, and guaranteed the excellent quality of the goods produced.

In the year 1818 the business had outgrown the capacity and convenience of the premises at Wirksworth, and Mr. Smedley, with a view to the further development of his trade, obtained possession of Lea Mills, and removed his residence to Cromford Bridge, which is some two miles from Wirksworth. The new enterprise did not, however, succeed as was anticipated. New styles of goods at lower prices were introduced into the market, and the fame of 'Smedley's hosiery' began to decline. To recover position, an effort was made to spin fine yarn for the Norwich trade, but the experiment failed, because the machinery proved to be unsuited for the work; and this attempt involved a considerable loss. Notwithstanding unwearied attention, the business continued to decline, and for the second time, in the year 1823, Mr. Smedley found himself in a state of in-

solvency. His position is indicated by the fact that the mill wages were then under ten pounds per week. As in the former case, however, the most serious result was averted, and with great difficulty he succeeded in avoiding bankruptcy, or compounding with his creditors. But this second failure, and the loss of nearly everything save his integrity, seriously affected him, and he despaired of ever recovering his position. The death also of his younger son, which took place suddenly in December, 1827, so prostrated him, that he never afterwards entered actively into business life.

At the time of his father's removal from Wirksworth to Lea Mills, John Smedley was fifteen years of age. He had completed his school-time about a year previously, and was assisting his father in the business. When his father was prostrated by the anxieties of his second failure, John Smedley realized the responsibilities that devolved upon him, and being well trained in the business, resolved to put forth all his energy to retrieve the fortunes of the family.

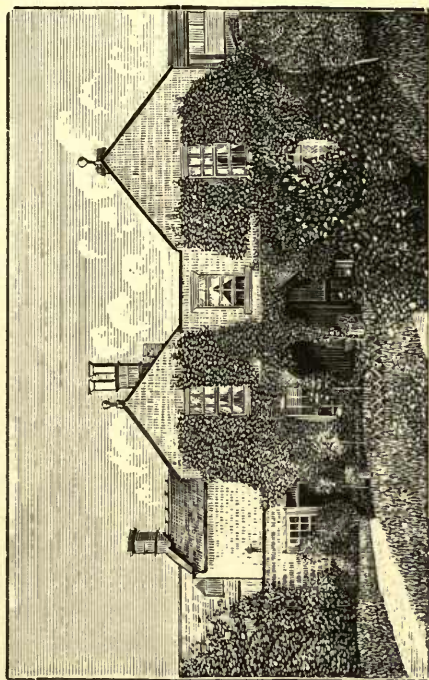
He had been for some time experimenting on the adaptation of cotton machinery to the manufacture of woollen goods. He was also endeavouring to improve the shape and quality of underclothing. He felt that the best then offered in the market (Mills's and Warner's) were inferior to what he could produce, so he resolved to commence operations. He purchased a small quantity of Spanish wool, valued at about eighteen pounds, from Taylor of London, who allowed him twelve months' credit, as he wanted it only for purposes of experiment. How to work the wool to the best advantage was not, however, clear to him ; so day after day, and often night after night, assisted by mechanics sometimes, but oftener alone, he laboured to adapt the old cotton machinery to the new kinds of work which he was determined it should perform. If he failed, nothing but

bankruptcy was before them ; if he succeeded, he might hope for a profitable run of trade. He persevered, and after fifteen years of concentrated effort (during which his father died, March, 1840), he found himself possessed of a considerable balance at his bankers'.

At this time John Smedley had serious thoughts of retiring, but as he could not secure a purchaser for Lea Mills, he was compelled to remain in business. He married, his wife being Caroline Ann Harward, the second daughter of the Rev. John Harward, Vicar of Wirksworth. The wedding tour was sadly marred by the bridegroom's taking a severe chill in a damp church in Switzerland. He was smitten down with fever, and returned home with its debilitating influence still upon him. He put himself under the ordinary medical treatment of that day, in which, like other people, he had every confidence.

For some years, from 1848 to 1851, this man of so much energy and enterprise was in a nervous and despondent condition, and altogether unfitted for attending to his business, which, fortunately, was in the hands of very capable managers, though they found the responsibilities almost overwhelming. The young wife proved equal to the occasion, bravely undertook her serious charge, and came out of that trying time purified and ennobled.

The old system of drugs could not be expected to suit such a case of hypochondria and nerve prostration, and after trying it for a year or two with only distressing results, the cold-water system of cure was brought to Mr. Smedley's notice. This was tried with the most hopeful results. The treatment practised at Ben Rhydding, in Yorkshire, under the direction of Dr. Macleod, has the credit of giving John Smedley a new lease of life, and of opening before him new fields of usefulness.



THE OLD HOME AT LEA MILLS. IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD, IS THE LARGE MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT.



John Smedley's kindness and consideration for others in their times of need was reciprocated by his workpeople, who, at this critical period, gave him their sympathies and their prayers. There are those yet living who will remember the special meeting for united prayer on behalf of Mr. Smedley which was held in Mrs. Wass's chapel. The building was filled with sympathizing, praying men and women, who wrestled with the Angel, and were heard, and received gracious answers in the restoration of their beloved master to mental and bodily health.

Long afterwards Mr. Smedley's workpeople sent him a letter of considerable length in the heartiest acknowledgment of his long-continued goodness to them.

Greatly improved in health through his visit to Ben Rhydding, Mr. Smedley returned to Cheltenham, having purchased the Rose Hill estate, where he intended permanently to reside. But re-established health led him to alter his resolution, and having experienced so much benefit from the water-cure, he determined to confer, if that were possible, similar benefits upon others, and first of all upon the fifteen hundred workpeople connected with his own mills.

Mr. Smedley's full-length portrait shows him to have been a sharp, commanding, strong-willed, and almost austere master. He was straight as a dart, quick in his movements, determined in expression, and extremely particular about the precise observance of his rules. He was a very early riser, and could do as much work as two ordinary men. He was in the habit of taking a share in the manual work of the mill—measuring the 'stockingers' productions which were brought in every Saturday, and sorting the goods into their various sizes. But all such duties he left in the hands of others when the Hydropathic Establishment

got into full swing, and its responsibilities increased upon him.

With the building and repeated enlargements at Matlock Bank, the care of the patients at Lea Mills, and providing chapels and schools in various parts of the district, John Smedley had a great many 'irons in the fire.' And to his wise schemes most unfortunately he added the foolish one of his paper and verbal war with the clergy of the Church of England.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOSPITAL AT LEA MILLS.

SOON after his arrival at Cheltenham, John Smedley issued a pamphlet which was entitled, 'An Address to the Work-people of Lea Mills, by John Smedley, Cheltenham' (1850). Our recollection of it is vivid and accurate enough to permit us to say that it was instinct with a spiritual fervour that is unusual, save among young converts. It was full of Scriptural quotations. It revealed the buoyant and hopeful state of the writer's mind, and indicated his complete recovery from the melancholy and depressed condition in which he had been so long. The transformation was a remarkable one, but the new moods were wholly genuine and sincere.

Throughout John Smedley's life there was a characteristic restlessness, which made him take up new enterprises before his earlier ones were fully established. He could not rest quietly at Cheltenham, nor be content until he had returned to the seat of industry at Lea Mills. Being fully convinced, through his own experience, of the remedial powers of water, he resolved to make such bathing arrangements at the mills as circumstances would permit; and in the intensity of his religious fervour, he proposed to combine with bodily healing moral and religious instruction.

The ordinary business routine of the mills was, for a time, thrown into confusion. Everything was made to give way to

experiments with the dripping sheet, the wet pack, the douche, and so on ; and everybody had to undergo some form of the new treatment, whether he were ailing or not. Cattle, as well as human beings, were experimented on, with more or less success.

The Free Hospital, which Mr. Smedley established, consisted of a number of rooms adjoining the mills, which had been converted into bath-rooms and bedrooms for the male patients, and some cottage property close by, which was made suitable for the female patients.

This institution, being wholly free to poor sufferers, soon greatly prospered ; but it involved a heavy strain on Mr. Smedley's resources, for he bore the entire cost of maintaining some thirty patients, providing board, lodging, and baths for over twenty years. A local missionary was appointed, whose duty it was to minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of the workpeople.

Soon after this most useful institution had been opened, applications were received from persons belonging to the middle ranks of society, who desired to submit themselves to the water treatment. Some of these persons were admitted to his own house, and were treated gratuitously.

The following extract from a letter by the author of this work will indicate how greatly this kindness was appreciated :

‘ About the year 1854, my late dear father being then a maker of hooked or bearded needles, used in the manufacture of stockings, gloves, and underclothing, I went to Lea Mills, and asked Mr. Smedley for an order. . . . This was the first time I had seen him. He observed that I was not well, most kindly invited me as a guest to his house, and gave me both excellent advice and beneficial hydropathic treatment. There I first met that estimable and clever lady, Mrs. John Smedley. No wonder that, in after ailments, I

sought Mr. Smedley's hydropathic advice and treatment, and after his time that of others. I met at the house by Lea Mills those excellent Christian people, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wildgoose. Mr. Wildgoose was for many years manager of the mills, and he is now chairman of the directors of the Smedley Hydropathic Company and a J.P.'

The new champion of hydropathy believed that he had a threefold mission. Not only was it necessary to explain and enforce the new remedy, but the evils of the old allopathic system had to be exposed, and the mischievous use of drugs arrested. But Mr. Smedley thought he had also a mission to reform the clergy, whom he regarded as 'blind leaders of the blind,' and as 'having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.' So, with his studies and experiments in connection with the water-cure, with his attacks on the doctors who were blindly worshipping the Pharmacopœia, and with his opposition to the clergy, who shocked his moral sense by sanctioning dinner-parties and secular concerts, he had very little time for investigating the merits of newly-invented carding machines, or mules. But, with all these miscellaneous matters in hand, each one of which was treated with uncompromising activity, the wants of the poor were diligently and sympathetically attended to.

'There's Mrs. M——, sir, from W——, come to see if anything can be done for her. Her husband's ill i' bed wi' rheumatic fever, and they're eight o' family—five little childer as can earn nought.' So said the man who was appointed to look after the poor and sick of the neighbourhood.

This sort of application for help became quite usual, and every day some tale of want or woe was poured into his ears. He sat at his small enclosed desk, in a corner of the

counting-house, and no sooner had some pitiful tale been told than a small piece of paper would be handed to the storekeeper, and as many household requisites as the applicant could carry would be written on it. Then the desk door would be shut, but only to open for a similar scene again before many hours had passed.

The store-room which had been fitted up in connection with this system of relief was an interesting place. It contained a various collection of home requisites, a large stock of Irish oatmeal in peck parcels, bread, flour, linseed-meal for poultices, sheets, blankets, flannel, tea, coffee, sugar, Bibles, Testaments, body bandages and compresses for the hydropathic treatment, etc.

The success attained by the new remedies made Smedley's denunciations of doctors and drugs increase in bitterness. And he made no sort of allowance for the clergy, who, he contended, could not have the love of God dwelling in them, or they would never make young children into members of Christ by a mere rite, or bury drunkards in 'sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.'

'But you admit that the evangelical clergy are good people?' observed a friend of Smedley's to him one day.

'I consider,' he replied, 'that the Evangelicals, as they are called, are the worse of the two, because they practise what they do not believe.'

'I know they don't believe in Baptismal Regeneration,' said his friend.

'Then why do they practise it?'

'Well, you see, it has been handed down to us in that form, and those clergy who don't believe it regard it as a mere form which needs explaining.'

'Yes, I should say it needs a good deal of explaining.'

And what about the Burial Service? Does that need explaining, too?’

‘Just in the same way. But a dear good clergyman whom I know always shakes his head when he comes to the “sure and certain hope,” if he has reason to think that the person died impenitent.’

That was Smedley’s view. He maintained that some of the clergy did not believe in the doctrines of their own Prayer-Book. And the doctors were much the same. Very few of them really believed in the efficacy of their drugs. And when we find eminent allopathic doctors, like John Taylor, confessing that ‘to him it appeared a physician was a man who wrote prescriptions till either the patient dies or is cured by Nature,’ and joined in the confession by Huffland, Cotton, and others, such men as John Smedley are not out of place when they expose the fallacies of the older system.

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS AND PHILANTHROPIC LABOURS.

As an employer of labour, John Smedley endeavoured to deal justly and fairly with his workpeople ; and though for many long and weary years the scale of wages he was able to pay was necessarily low, his employé's had privileges and comforts that are but seldom found in large manufacturing establishments. When that remarkable change of life occurred to which reference has been made, he began to look round, and to see if it was possible to make toil less toilsome to those who worked for him. He made arrangements which permitted the 'hands' to take their meals in comfort. He provided cheap tea, coffee, and porridge, and a person to cook their meat for dinner. He provided for the girls and women mackintosh capes and goloshes, because many of them had three or four miles to walk after standing for ten hours beside a throstle, a mule, or a doubling machine. On very wet or snowy nights, those who preferred not to go home were accommodated with a rough-and-ready 'shakedown' on the warm floors of the mill. In cases of sickness, Mr. Smedley provided the best remedy with which at the time he was acquainted, and in which he had great confidence—'Fearn's Family Pills.'

Inquiries were made in the locality around the mills concerning the prices charged for bread, and finding that

they were high, while the quality was poor, a truck-load of flour was sent for from Newark, and retailed at a trifle over cost-price, to the very great annoyance of the local tradesmen. American clocks, too—those marvels of mechanical skill—were purchased in large quantities, and sold on the premises on the same economical principle as the flour; and many a poor man's cottage was rendered brighter and more home-like by the addition of a timepiece. Even the farmers in the locality, who set their faces against mowing-machines, were glad to get Smedley's guano at nearly cost-price.*

Enforced holidays, such as Christmas Day and Good Friday, were invariably paid for, and time lost through illness was generously dealt with. Improvements went on in every direction. The standing wages were gradually advanced, and whatever could be treated as piece-work was given out in that way, to the great advantage of the skilled workers, who were thus enabled nearly to double their incomes.

Mr. Smedley used to boast that he never had such a thing as a 'strike' at his mills; from which fact we may gather that his workpeople generally were satisfied with his treatment of them. His building operations introduced him to a new set of workpeople. He became quite a master-builder, and in that capacity, as in his earlier position as a manufacturer, he was both just and generous, though in many respects very unlike the general run of master-builders.

Each day at Lea Mills half an hour (from 8.30 to 9 a.m.) was devoted to morning worship. At this hour the great body of workpeople assembled in the dining-house, or in summer in a tent in his garden, for singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. The proprietor acted as high-priest, and Mrs. Smedley sat by her husband, and took the deepest

* Care should have been taken to leave dealers a fair profit.

interest in the service. Those who were permitted to join in the services, as strangers or visitors, will not readily forget the unusual but very pleasant scene.

This morning worship was started immediately after Mr. Smedley's return from Cheltenham, and it was kept up for many years. The loss of the half-hour from the working time was borne by the employer. A person who was present at one of these services wrote concerning them as follows: 'I can never forget the happy scene, and the deep impression made upon my mind, the first time Mr. Smedley conducted the morning service in the dinner-house. I know of nothing which he has yet done that so fully meets my approval as this half-hour devoted to the honour of God and the highest interests of the workpeople.'

Mr. Smedley began his work as a preacher in a time of great excitement, and for awhile the common people heard him gladly. A marquee, which, it is said, was made for the purpose, was bought about the year 1853, when he became an abstainer, and for several years he never missed pitching his tent on some spot, within a radius of ten miles from his residence, on the Lord's day. His meetings were often attended by from five hundred to fifteen hundred persons, some of whom had never before entered a place of worship.

John Smedley, however, never became a great preacher, and he was never, in any sense, a great writer. But his efforts, both in speaking and in writing, had their direct and indirect uses; and if his audiences did not tremble as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, the gathering of the people to his tent suggested the necessity for building places of worship where there was such manifest spiritual destitution. The movement for chapel-building which John Smedley and his wife originated

was carried out at a cost of over twenty thousand pounds. He built and supported chapels for the Methodist Free Church at Holloway, Higham, Ashover, Bonsall, Matlock Bank, and Birchwood-by-Alfreton, and he was an earnest supporter of Sunday and other schools.

In the building of his chapels, and in the forms of worship he adopted, Mr. Smedley was his own architect. He did not think it right to build these places, and then hand them over, either to the Wesleyan Conference, or the Methodist Free Church, or to any other Nonconformist denomination. At his death these chapels came to his successor, along with the machinery at the mills, and the establishment on Matlock Bank. There was no restriction in Mr. Smedley's will as to the way in which they should be disposed of, or the forms of worship which should be used in them. Most of them were sold by private contract for sums far below their original cost. The net result was not an encouragement for wealthy Christians to build chapels and leave them to be made into money by their heirs.

John Smedley made his mark in the world because of his originality, which bordered on eccentricity. He was nothing if not original and independent; nothing if not intense and extreme. Whether in matters of dress, in business, in religion, or in medicine, the impress of his individuality could always be recognised; and his inimitable hosiery goods, produced at Lea Mills, bear to this day the stamp of his name. Who can dispute the peculiarity of his 'get-up' in dress? In business ideas and habits he differed from everyone else. In medical notions and practices he severed himself as widely as possible from the orthodox system; and even in his development of hydropathy he made new applications.

There was no sect of religion that he felt he could approve

so far as to join it. He favoured some sects more than others; but to him none was perfect. The way in which he tried to supply what was lacking in the sect that came nearest to his mind has its amusing features.

He was an early riser. He also was industrious as an author. He produced leaflets, tracts, and pamphlets, books on Church history, theology, prophecy, and kindred subjects, mostly of a controversial character. He compiled a book on hydropathy, and began a satirical sketch of the English Church; but of this he tired, and, happily, never completed it.

As we look back upon the reforming propensities of John Smedley some sixty years ago, we feel that this much at least may be said for him. With the best of motives he had done much, by building chapels, to relieve the spiritual destitution around him; and it was but natural that he should wish to arrange the form of the worship conducted in them. So he decided that some form of prayer-book—all the dross and tin refined out of the Church Prayer-Book, for instance—would be a great improvement on the simple service of the Wesleyan Methodists. Mr. Smedley prepared a work of this kind, purging the Church Prayer-Book of all objectionable matter, all unsuitable rites and ceremonies, and all heterodox doctrines, of which he had long complained so bitterly, if so unsuccessfully.

In due time an ample supply of Smedley's new 'Sabbath Service' arrived from the printers, and copies were offered to the nearest church, on the magnanimous condition that the church was not bound to use the 'Service,' unless it liked to do so. But the church did *not* like it. At least, they did not like to think that the new form was really being forced upon them. They could not, and did not, object to the subject-matter of it, for it was nearly all taken

from the Scriptures. The awkward part of the situation was, that nearly all the members of this particular church and congregation were workpeople at Mr. Smedley's mills; and to refuse his gift, although it had been made on the most liberal conditions, might certainly be attended with the most unpleasant results.

The views of the church and congregation were laid, as delicately as possible, before the author of this new form of worship. 'If it were all the same to him, the people worshipping in the place that he had so generously built—if it were all the same—they preferred their own form of worship, as introduced by John Wesley.' But the books were printed, and had come to hand. What was to be done? Ultimately the difficulty was mastered, to some extent, by the author himself reading the new form of prayer, and the appointed minister preaching the sermon.

A strong controversy arose, in this particular church, on the form in which the rite of baptism was to be administered. Infant baptism, although sanctioned by Methodism, was objected to generally by this congregation. But for baptism by immersion no provision had been made, nor was baptism in that form approved by Mr. Smedley, though he was so stanch an advocate of hydropathy. What was to be done?

The difficulty was removed after very considerable discussion. A contrivance was arranged. Those desirous of baptism by immersion entered barefoot a small square compartment, which was curtained off, and placed immediately in front of the pulpit. The person to be baptized entered into this enclosure, stood with bare feet in the water, and had a mackintosh loosely thrown over the shoulders, and the head uncovered. Then a kind of shower-bath was made to play over the body. This invention was owned by Mr.

and Mrs. Smedley conjointly, and cannot but be regarded as original. And forasmuch as there was more to be said in its favour than against it, and as no one could prove that Paul, and the rest of the Apostles, did not use some such method, many persons were baptized in this fashion. The custom, however, did not gain general favour, and in process of time it died out.

Taking into consideration the large sums of money that Mr. Smedley spent in the Matlock neighbourhood, and the equally large sums that he virtually caused to be spent, it is not too much to ask that some allowance be made for the eccentricities that were characteristic of him. He was a creature of God's making, and if he expended large sums of money foolishly (as many persons thought he did), it should be remembered that he never neglected the poor, the destitute, or the ailing, and that he did much to make the lives of his workpeople happy.

He had an idea that in matters of faith he was the most tolerant of men and of masters; and on one occasion he said something to that effect. But his hearers knew that he misapprehended himself in this respect. At the time when he was considered a sound Churchman he was very intolerant of Dissenters, especially of John Wesley's followers. Hearing one day that a young man in his employ had joined himself to Methodism, he sent for him into his breakfast-room, to protest against such 'liberties.' At that time Mr. Smedley insisted on his workpeople being either Churchmen or nothing at all. Only a year or two after this he found in the teachings of Wesley his only hope of salvation. This was after his conversion. Another error into which he fell was the habit of representing that he never had money beforehand; that it went as it came. It did come pretty freely, and a good deal of it went very freely; but to say,

as he did, that he did not know, when one week's wages were paid, where the next was to come from, did not convey a precise idea of the fact, and it must be taken *cum grano salis*, like a good many other of Mr. Smedley's sayings. He can be better judged by his deeds than by his words.

CHAPTER V.

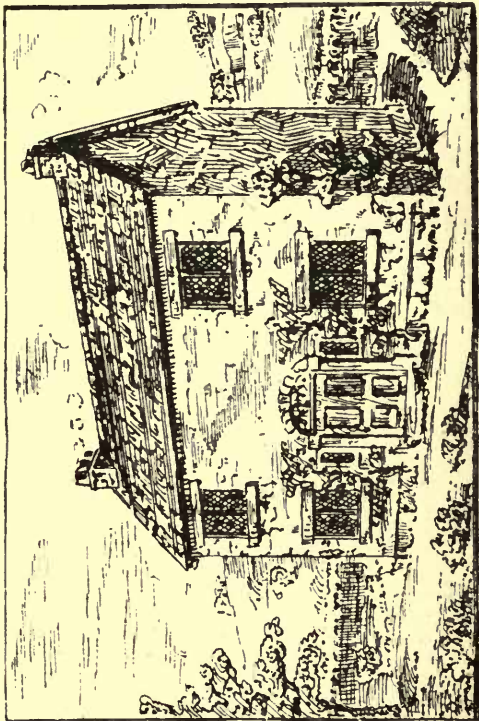
THE ESTABLISHMENT ON MATLOCK BANK.

ABOUT the year 1851 a Mr. Ralph Davis lived at Darley Dale, and went about in the neighbourhood of the Matlocks prescribing hydropathic treatment. He subsequently rented an eleven-roomed house on Matlock Bank at twelve pounds a year, and arranged to give hydropathic treatment in it. This was the first Hydropathic Institution on Matlock Bank. After it had been opened about six months John Smedley became the medical adviser. About the year 1853 Mr. Smedley bought the house, and soon the success attained warranted its removal, and the erection of the extensive buildings which were the beginning of the now world-famed institution commonly called 'Smedley's Hydro.'

In the course of ten or twelve years the popularity and success of the Matlock Bank Institution had become so established that enlargements had to be undertaken.

If any man ever had reason to rejoice in material success, that man was John Smedley. And his wife, who had entered with heartiness and devotion into the work, rejoiced with him. The successful treatment of an ever-increasing number of patients from all parts of the world was far beyond their expectations.

Additions to the buildings followed additions with sur-



THE FIRST HYDRO UPON MATLOCK BANK.

prising rapidity, until all the available land had been built on ; and still more buildings were required. Having always been accustomed to have his own way, Mr. Smedley was surprised to find that he could not keep on buying land just as he wanted it, and at his own price. But he was equal to the emergency that arose. He threatened to shut his place up if the little owners thereabouts did not part with their land on his terms. That he seriously intended to carry out his threat is not for us to say, but it seems to have had the desired effect. Further purchases of land were effected, new plans of extension on a large scale were formed, and what was known as the New Wing, with its numerous large, lofty bedrooms, consulting-rooms, etc., was erected.

To have closed the place for no other reason than that assigned would have been an extreme act, and scarcely less than a national calamity. But Smedley was much disposed to take sudden and extreme measures, which were not always wise, nor did they always prove successful. He at one time threatened to shut up Lea Mills, because he was not allowed to have his way on some minor religious question. Living as he did in a little world of his own, he seldom saw two sides of any question, and it was a well-known fault of his to pass judgments upon insufficient data.

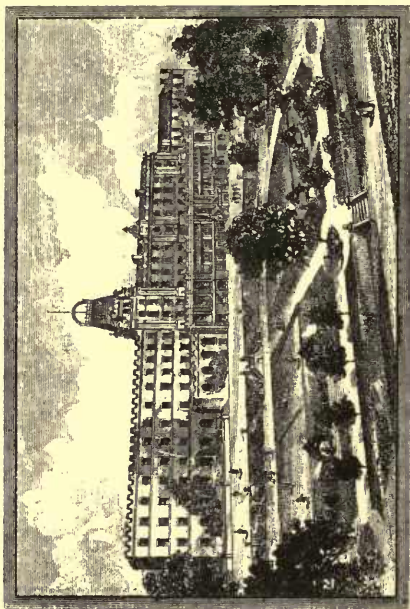
Mr. Smedley's hands were now quite full. Still at war with the clergy and the doctors, and with little hope of reconciliation ; still adding fresh burdens to his self-imposed tasks, he fought on with unabated vigour. He constituted himself his own architect, and himself made the plans for the new extension. He was also his own constructor, and his own clerk of works. But some of his architectural calculations were unsound, and when the top-stone of the

ornamental turret which he had designed had been put on with rejoicing, a cruel wind blew it down through the roof, and it made its destructive way right to the basement. Fortunately, the accident was not attended with any loss of life.

Such calamities are only of passing and minor importance, when placed beside the great work that was going on in the institution—the relieving of human suffering, restoring vitality to many hundreds of debilitated frames.

What are the forces to which must be attributed the satisfactory and permanent results of the Matlock treatment? Matlock is not the only place in England where the benefits of the water-system can be obtained. The methods adopted were not original, at least in the beginning of the enterprise. Cold applications were employed, both at Lea Mills and at Matlock Bank, for a long time after these institutions were first opened. At Lea Mills it was no uncommon thing for the patients in the winter-time, and when snow was on the ground, to be seen making their pilgrimages to a cold spring about three-quarters of a mile away without any shoes or stockings. The idea then was that after exposure a reaction would set in, and this would induce a more vigorous circulation.

A well-authenticated story is told of an out-patient at Matlock who was ill with fever, and was plunged into a tub of ice-cold water. Though no harm, and only good, came of the experiment, it nearly cost the patient his life. But the practice of cold shocks was, after a while, given up, and what was known as the 'Mild Water Cure' was substituted. But so fully did John Smedley believe in cold applications and cold processes, that he is said to have walked the length of Paternoster Row without shoes or stockings, in order to illustrate his theory of reactions. As time went on, many



SMEDLEY'S HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT. FOUNDED 1852.

of the original methods were abandoned or modified. Sea-bathing was absolutely condemned.

It was not this or that particular development or application of the water-system which secured the success of the Matlock Institution. It was the 'personality' of the two remarkable persons who were at the head of it. Their sympathy and generosity were hardly more remarkable than their administrative ability and unique personal influence.

It will be interesting to recall some of the early difficulties that were connected with Mr. Smedley's management of the institution on needlessly strict lines. Sometimes there were patients who were sceptically inclined, and objected to the religious routine and associations. And knotty questions were often put to him by shrewd, irritable, and unreasonable patients. Then there were many patients who would submit to the treatment willingly enough, but who would not so willingly alter their mode of life. A patient who had been used to three or four 'bitters' during the day, and a few 'whiskies' in the evening, would, and did, find it difficult to part company with such companions. Snuff-inhalers would, and did, find it hard to go about with empty snuff-boxes; and large eaters of flesh-meat found it hard, and sometimes almost impossible, to abstain therefrom. These habits, when indulged in, were calculated to retard the doctor's efforts, and we have evidence that much disappointment was caused. So irritating was this want of co-operation on the part of many patients that it was found expedient to notify this annoyance of the promoters upon every prescription that was given out. It reads as follows:

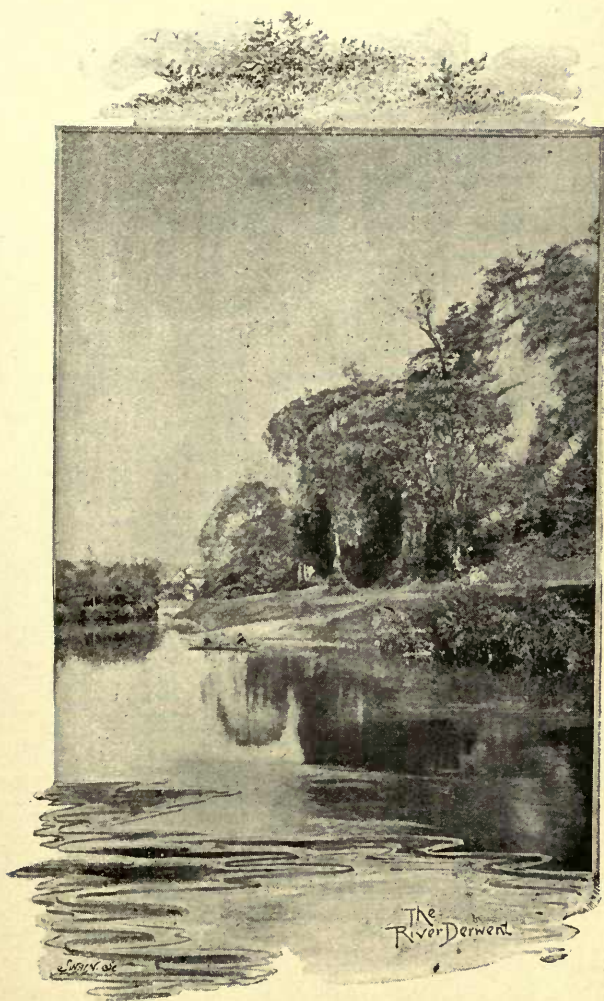
'Unless patients can make up their minds to attend strictly to the conditions laid down for their recovery, it is very unjust to be imposing an impossible work on their

advisers ; it is wrong in principle, and disheartening to them. Snuff, tobacco, stimulants, opiates, sweetmeats, excess in food, and in animal food especially, over-fatigue in long walks, or sight-seeing, and insufficient clothing, have in many cases prevented that restoration to health which would have been the certain reward of patient perseverance and self-denial.'

The architecture of Smedley's establishment was most incongruous. The builder was a very impulsive man, and persisted in being both his own architect and his own decorator. Stained glass abounded. The style and arrangements might be called hotchpotch, for you were liable to come upon a boiler, or something else equally unsuitable, in the most unlikely localities. Comfort, however, was carefully attended to.

The following description of the daily routine of life in the early days of the institution, when only patients were admitted, was written by one who had a personal experience of its scenes :

'Everyone knows by sad experience the uncomfortable state into which body and mind sometimes fall, when the one requires a change of air, and the other a change of occupation. He who has been too long in cities pent, whose eyes have been overtasked by nightly watchings, and whose brain has been dulled by the monotony, or excited by the hurry, of labour, finds a languor stealing over his frame, a film clouding his intellect, which cannot be overcome or dispersed except by a painful effort. Life begins to lose its attractions, and a mysterious gloom half eclipses its sunlight. The past assumes a preternaturally sombre aspect, a chilling fog gathers around the present, and the future becomes lost in lowering clouds, or illuminated by the lurid light of storms. The least exertion is a source of pain, the slightest



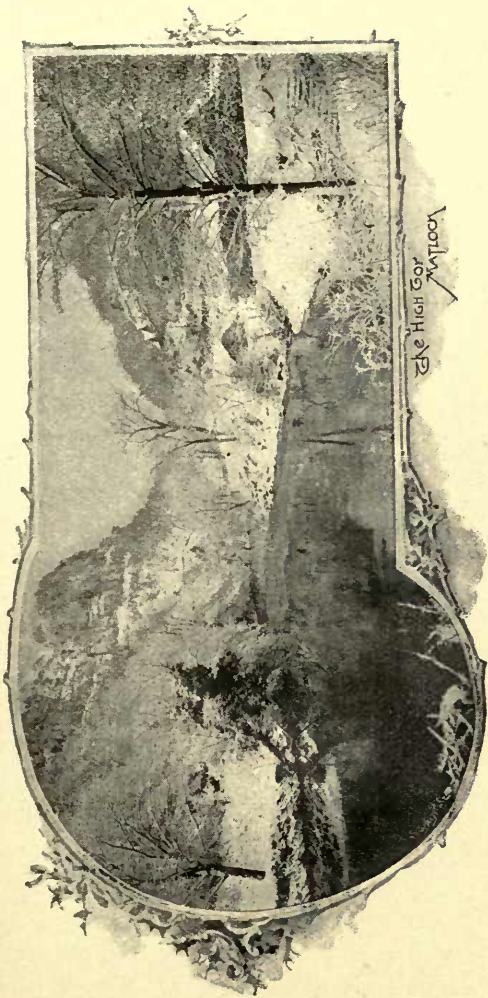
THE RIVER DERWENT AT MATLOCK.

exercise of mind becomes distasteful. Twinges, suggestive of fearful diseases, shoot across the tired body; strange tremors, forebodings of terrible disasters, invade the wearied mind. Weird voices whisper hereditary maladies to the mental ear, ghostly fingers direct the spiritual eye to unmistakable symptoms of mania or imbecility. The sufferer directs his attention to completing his will and setting his house in order; gloomy visions of yews and cypresses swim before his eyes, and he begins to dwell with a sad fondness on the idea of himself as a lamented defunct, circled around by a dark group of disconsolate friends. For these imaginary woes and real discomforts many remedies have been prescribed. The favourites with many doctors have been the hateful blue-pill and the fetid black draught; but their exhibition does not entirely exhaust the malice of the faculty. We might enumerate the hideous company of horrors, each attended by its own particular nausea, but it is better, like the poet in the infernal regions, merely to glance at them, and pass them by. Better is it to dwell upon the more pleasing sources of health recommended by kinder advisers: the change of air, the alteration of diet, the escape from toil, the flight from care; to fill the mind with images of mountain freedom and seaside brightness, of tangled lanes and woven copse, of sweeping moor and bounding wave; to revel in the thoughts of home delights and foreign wonders, and to gloat over the imaginary charms of unwonted fish, and novel flesh, and unaccustomed fowl. It may be well to draw, at present, the picture of a spot which offers, together with these attractions, others of a different kind, and which is eminently adapted for the alleviation of the actual and fictitious miseries to which allusion has been made above. Those who have already visited it will be glad to be, for a period, conducted there

again, and all to whom its name is unknown ought to be grateful to the guide who points out to them its hiding-place.

‘It is situated where, after winding at its ease along a rich and smiling vale, the River Derwent enters a gloomy gorge. On either hand rise lofty heights, faced upon one side by precipitous walls of limestone, which gleam like marble when the sun strikes full upon them, or the moon steeples them in her silver light, and which stand out in bold relief from among the luxuriant foliage of the trees, by which they are half concealed, and under whose spreading branches the water is seen gleaming here and there. From this gorge the river emerges, only to enter a second pass, in which it is equally overhung by trees and crags, the stone blazing with light at noonday, or looming indistinctly through the evening mist, the leaves sparkling above and casting cool shadows below, refreshing the jaded eye with their quiet green tints, or burning with the splendours of autumnal gold and fire. On every side hills arise, or moorlands sweep away into the horizon, and a hundred high places offer views of tortuous valleys sprinkled here and there with cottages built of gray stone, and enlivened by flowers and creeping shrubs, and of swelling ridges rising beyond ridges, their dark outlines relieved against backgrounds of pale vapour or smoke.

‘Let us ascend one of these hills, and make acquaintance with the singular edifices which are dotted about the slope, and the people who inhabit them. It is a hard pull up the steep road which leads from the level ground on which the little railway-station is situated ; but the purer air we breathe as we climb higher, and the widening landscape which unrolls itself at our feet, well reward us for our labour. Let us pause beside the large house on the left-hand side of the

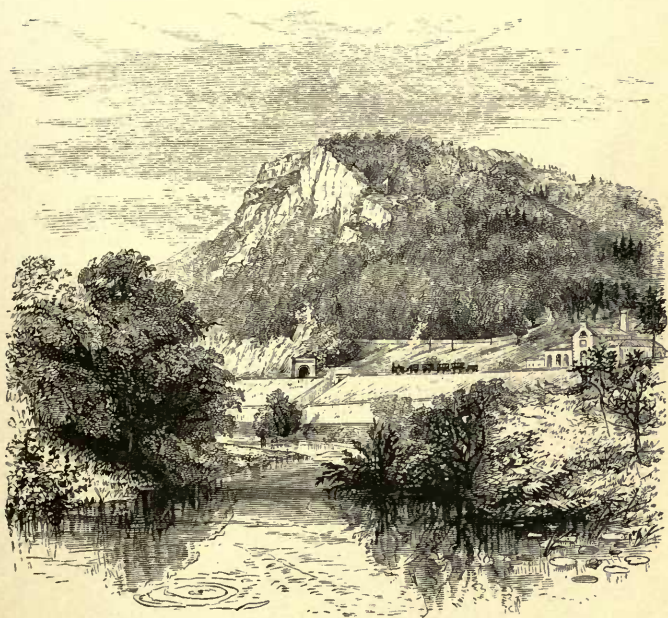


THE HIGH TOR, MATLOCK.

way, and after examining its quaint exterior, proceed to investigate its still stranger internal arrangements. From the road it looks like a hybrid building, uniting the characteristics of a factory, a workhouse, and a barrack—high walls of monotonous gray stone, pierced with small windows peering out in rows, the only objects which relieve its deadness ; but its front aspect is of an entirely different nature. A double row of terraces abutting on a garden slope ; long corridors with gravel walks beside them ; a range of extensive rooms, the front of which is formed of glass, glittering all day while the sun is shining, and at night seen far across the valley when lighted up from within ; and above them tier upon tier of windows, with a balcony in front of each set, all fantastically coloured, gaudily gleaming with red and blue and gold. Date about 1857. Hither come visitors from all parts of England, and, indeed, from all parts of the globe. The proprietor has no occasion to spend money in advertisements. Throughout the neighbouring counties his name is a household word, and all the year round a stream of guests pours steadily through his portals. Old and young, seriously ill or slightly ailing, they come to gain health here, for this is one of our chief hydropathic institutions. Summer and winter, spring and autumn, some eighty to one hundred and forty patients are to be found here, and few appear to go away without deriving benefit from their stay. If it were only for the pure air, the varied scenery, the freedom from anxiety and care, the cheerful society, and the simple food, all of which they meet with here, they might well expect to improve in health ; but, in addition to this, they are put through a regular course of treatment. While they are inmates of the establishment, they are expected to live as teetotalers, and to abstain from such stimulants as wine, tobacco, cards, and quadrilles. They are made to rise early,

and go to bed betimes, in the hope that they may be led back to childhood's health. The porridge and milk which, perhaps, delighted the infant mind, are recognised here by the adult sense, and here also it meets once more the long-lost puddings and fruits which once satisfied its unsophisticated cravings. The sauces and condiments in which the jaded palate delights are absent, and the simplicity of the dinner can only be rivalled by the primitiveness of the hour at which it is taken. But the fare, simple as it is, generally proves grateful, for the recipient usually finds an appetite here, even if he brought none with him. Early in the morning, before the mists are yet lifted from the valley, he begins his day. A cup of tea and a morsel of bread and butter are allowed him, after which he descends to the bathroom, there to be wrapped in the embrace of the wet-sheet. Having recruited his energies with breakfast, about 11 a.m. he again attends to what he facetiously styles his aquarium, and is now probably treated to a pack, swathed like a mummy in many bandages, with a hot pad to his aching side, and much pungent mustard biting his legs and feet; or the soothing spinal applications, all done with a view to the restoration of Nature's power by mild applications. Mid-day brings dinner, with its incomparable puddings and stewed fruits worthy of rapturous mention. Then comes a period of rest, during which all exercise is forbidden, whether of body or mind. Afterwards follows a third slight bath, or, in some cases, none, and with that the day's labours are over, and the remaining hours are devoted to amusement.

‘It is a quaint scene for a stranger to witness—that which the interior of the house affords. He may fancy that he is on board a giant ship, bound for a distant shore, as he paces the long saloon with its glazed side looking over towards



THE HIGH TOR, MATLOCK, SECOND VIEW.

hills which at morning and evening rise above the pale mists like rocky islands emerging from calm waters ; or as he takes his place at the narrow tables which stretch the entire length of the room, and on which he is almost astonished to see the crockery remain undisturbed by a pitch or a roll. Nor is the nautical idea less strongly suggested by the appearance of the drawing-room, with its alcoves hung with green curtains, and bearing a singular resemblance to berths, its large sheets of glass, through which at night the lights of distant houses twinkle like those of a scattered fleet, and its wall-frescoes so like the specimens of art with which a voyage has made us too often and far too familiarly acquainted. The manners and customs of the place are also not unlike those which prevail on board ship. Every new-comer is startled at the apparitions which cross his path at early morn—the gentlemen unkempt, their shoulders wrapped in ruddy blankets, the ladies huddled up in dressing-gowns, with hoods pulled over their unrestrained tresses, devoid of the attractions of science, guiltless of crinoline, very different from the fairy-like beings who won the heart yesterday on the croquet-ground, or last night in the drawing-room. But perhaps the strangest scene to the unaccustomed eye is that which the public rooms present after dinner. Then, for twenty minutes or more, the custom is to recline at full length on the sofas, each one hugging, not to the bosom exactly, but a little lower down, a yielding cushion or a tender bolster. No work or play is allowed during this period of rest.

‘ To all who suffer from disease the system here adopted may safely be recommended ; here the victim will meet with the solace which Nature often gives to the suffering, the strength which pure air and exercise freely offer, the tonics

which are supplied by the society of a number of kindly disposed acquaintances, of whom many may mature into friends, and the consolation which, amid any troubles, such puddings and fruits as can alone here be met with are sure to dispense.'



Grounds in
Winter

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HYDROPATHIC SYSTEM.

FOR some time Mr. Smedley's mode of hydropathic treatment was very simple—the wet-pack and the douche, the sitz-bath and the wet-sheet after the pack, were about all that were considered essential. Then a readier way of opening the pores of the skin was found out by means of the steam-box, and the spirit-lamp bath. Then for local applications, where inflammation had set in, hot mustard-poultices were used, and to assist the stomach to do its work the 'body bandage' was adopted. Thus, step by step, this successful physician went on experimenting until he had more than two hundred different kinds of baths, and other means of application, on his bath list.

Meanwhile, all the standard works on anatomy, physiology, and kindred subjects were being studied, and with what result? Why, with this result, that the aim of the true physician in the treatment of disease is to restore vital tone, and that this can only be accomplished through the stomach and the blood. 'You must make better blood,' John Smedley found out, and he also discovered that this could only be done by acting on the organs of nutrition. 'And what is the speediest and most effective way of doing this?' he naturally asked himself. Nature herself told him—told him to use her own simple but potent remedies—assist her by a soothing wet-

pack to cast off morbid matter through the skin ; gently stimulate the stomach to do its work more effectually, avoiding all kinds of indigestible food, and avoiding also the giving of that vital organ too much to do. As for bleeding, blistering, cupping, and the giving of preparations of mercurial ointment, iodine, mercury, aloes, strychnine, opium, henbane, and other narcotics, these he denounced with the vehemence of Demosthenes, and the courage and perseverance of Prometheus.

Yes, this is what John Smedley did : he acted upon Nature's own principles of restoration, and he succeeded.

‘Hydropathy insists, in quite a special way, on the necessity of regarding disease, first, in relation to its cause. It next requires that whatever assistance may be afforded to the *vis medicatrix naturæ* should, in the first place, be similar in kind (*i.e.*, should be natural or physiological) rather than alien to it, and drawn from sources remote and strange ; and while proceeding on lines which have been common to all medical practice from an early period, it does so by agents hitherto strangely neglected, though not unknown, and effects its purpose in ways less open to objection than those it would displace. For example, when local depletion is required, as of the lung in pneumonia, or the brain in hæmorrhagic apoplexy, the final withdrawal from the general circulation of a quantity of blood was deprecated, as unnecessary for the attainment of the object in view, and prejudicial in the after period of convalescence. Hydropathy substitutes a diversion to parts indifferent as the extremities and general cutaneous surface, and so material and sustained as to be much more effectual ; while at the same time it holds in reserve the abstracted blood to perform its part in the restoration of strength. Where purgation is employed to derive blood from the brain, liver, or kidneys, a highly

sensitive and vital membrane is more or less injured thereby, and convalescence proportionately imperilled. Hydropathy selects the skin as more accessible than the mucous membrane of the alimentary tract, more serviceable also, and less, if at all, susceptible of injury, either temporary or permanent. The skin can with safety be used for counter-irritation, and is a reservoir of capacity almost unlimited into which to divert the excess of blood from the brain or other part; while, for purposes of excretion, it is not inferior to the bowels themselves, and, unlike the latter, is left even more efficient than before. In the febrile state, a reduction of pulse and temperature, and relief from pain and sleeplessness, were commonly attempted at the period when hydropathy was introduced by depressants, in combination with sedatives. Impaired digestion and depressed vitality were results, in some measure, inevitable, and always of moment, especially in the more protracted fevers, where recovery becomes a question of simple physical endurance. By means of the wet-sheet pack, cooling compresses, and allied measures, these ends are attained with comparative ease, certainty, and simplicity, and with entire freedom from objectionable secondary effects.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

It has already been remarked, that in the first days of his enthusiasm, Mr. Smedley vigorously opposed the older allopathic system, and denounced its advocates. At one time he thought very little of the College of Surgeons and its teaching, and endeavoured to show that there was no manner of agreement between hydropathy and medicine. As the end of his eventful career approached, he became so far reconciled to the medical profession—judging outwardly—as to hand over hydropathy, and all that pertained to it, to the care of an experienced physician. By this means he so toned down and shaded the hard lines he had formerly

drawn, that you could scarcely tell where hydropathy ended and where medical science began; and one hardly knows now which of the conceding parties (if either of them did concede) to admire most—the one which placed John Smedley's production in the hands of medical science, or medical science, which embraced the new creation and brought it to its present great strength.

The following passages, which are taken from the prospectus of the Smedley Hydropathic Company, will give sufficient information on the treatment which patients have to undergo:

‘Concerning hydropathy, its principles and practice, but little can be said within the limits of a prospectus, but some slight notion of it, and of that development of hydropathy more especially which, till lately, had been peculiar to this establishment, will be looked for by such as are minded to make proof of its efficacy, while yet in ignorance, more or less, of its character, scope, and appliances.

‘Some of the advantages claimed for hydropathy are, in brief:

‘1. The breadth of view in regarding disease, which has been a characteristic of hydropathy from the first, embracing not only remote causes, but the action of the general condition on local ailments, and reaction of these on the general condition, and hence, in great part, its power long recognised over chronic disease, intractable under treatment merely local in aim and effect.

‘2. The radical manner in which it deals with disease, going to the very sources of vitality, so to speak, in search of the origin of that depressed or depraved condition of the economy of which this local affection or that is often merely an outcome, whether direct or otherwise.

‘3. Speediness of effect, a recommendation not generally conceded hydropathy, concerned as it has been mainly with cases of a chronic kind, in which rapid results are unattainable, but in acute or recent ailments this is often strikingly manifest, in the febrile class more especially.

‘4. Permanency of result, lasting, because thorough, not content with “correcting” symptoms, nor pre-occupied with the signs to the neglect of the thing signified. Hence, it comes that the after-state of a patient thus treated is so often much better than that which preceded the illness.

‘5. The simplicity of the agents employed—natural and understandable, manageable to the physician, and grateful to the patient—constitutes a strong claim to favourable consideration as against drugs, which, to say the least, are less safe in the using, and do not commend themselves to the untutored understanding.

‘6. The determination of morbid action to the surface, as opposed to the deeper and more vital parts, is a recommendation for hydropathy as strong, rightly understood, as it is well-founded, the skin being that organ of all others least susceptible of grave or lasting damage. Nor is this all, for the morbid excitement thus diverted is utilized in certain cases as a counter-irritant (when over the diseased organs), in others as a derivant (when in some remote part), and in reducing the internal congestion, contributes, in a singular degree, towards the cure of that which in many cases has been the root and origin of the whole malady.

‘7. Were hydropathic measures alone and unaided less potent for good than drugs, their comparative simplicity and absolute safety, their natural affinity to the human economy, so to speak, should secure their general employment up to and within the range of their efficacy. Of equal power, if such were established, they should, on the same grounds,

be granted precedence over medicines in the practice of healing ; but of greater power, as hydropathy has been demonstrated to be in many ways common to it and drug medication, operative also in certain conditions of disease to influence which medicines make little or no pretension. It is thereby entitled to rank first and foremost in the field of therapeutics, in order both of time and importance. And this granted nothing is forfeited, medicinal and other means remaining a goodly reserve, available as auxiliaries, and having still a sphere to themselves, restricted considerably, no doubt, and subject perhaps to further invasion with the development of hydropathy.'

The following article by Richard Metcalfe, Medical Superintendent of the Hydros, Paddington Green, London, and Wellington Square, Hastings, appeared in the *Hydropathic World*, January, 1892. It deals with the hydropathic treatment of brain-fag and mental depression:

'If there is one thing which characterizes the present age more than another in human suffering, it is the growing prevalence of mental diseases, commencing with a simple headache, and too often resulting in suicide or insanity. In my daily experience as a hydropathic practitioner of over twenty years' standing, and that, too, in the Metropolis, nothing has struck me more than the great increase of subjects of nervous disorders applying for relief.

'With the advancement of civilization, and the complicated relations of modern life, certain diseases have appeared that did not afflict primeval man. When men lived by the chase, by tending their flocks and herds, or tilling the soil, by their simple handicrafts, or by the barter of merchandise, the ills they suffered from were not those that arise from fag of brain. The evils consequent on over-activity of this organ are the result of a high state of culture—they are the

peculiar outcome of our modern civilization, and more particularly of our town life.

‘Take London as the most striking instance. How many thousands here depend for their success in life—many for their very daily bread—upon incessant mental activity! The business man, the lawyer, the journalist, the school-master, the clerk, the thousands who, in various ways, are obliged to spend the greater portion of their lives indoors—these are the men who know what it is to suffer from fag of brain.

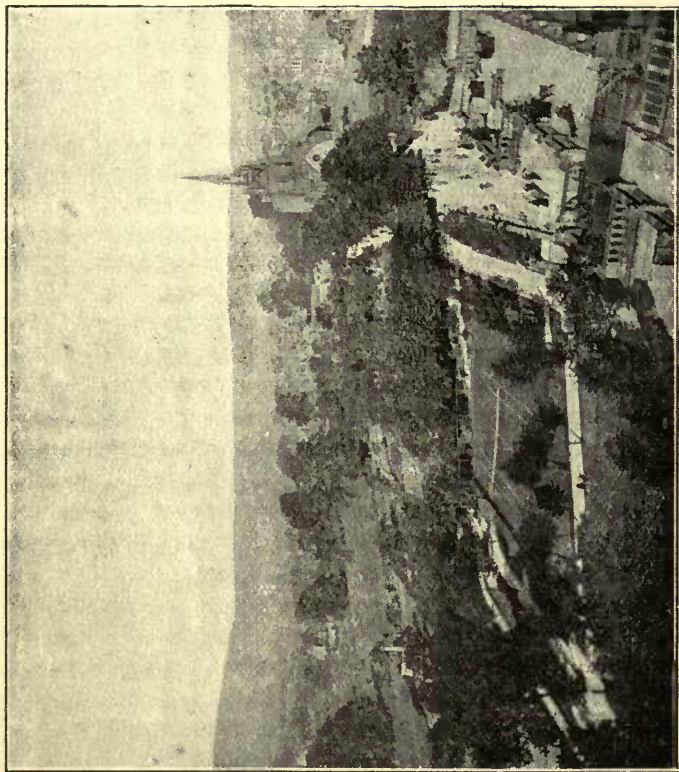
‘Those whose means allow them to take occasional trips to the country or abroad, to enjoy the luxury of riding, the exhilaration of outdoor sports, or the pleasure of a cruise on the ocean, experience little of the effects of fagging mental labour. A spell of hard head work now and again is a fine thing in its way, and as good for the health as an occasional pull against the stream, or a ride over a rough country; but let the hard work be incessant, or let it be accompanied by anxiety and care, so that the brain does not get rest even when the body is at ease, and the evils of brain-fag will soon be apparent.

‘How many do we meet in the streets of the busy city whose restless eyes and careworn brows betoken a state in which the brain has been severely overwrought! This state is one of general *malaise*, worse than languor, worse than actual sickness. It is only those who have given attention to this subject who can have any idea of how prolific a cause it is of misery and premature death. Let anyone go over the list of his friends and acquaintances, and he will be a fortunate man indeed if he can complete the survey without meeting with a case in which the mental powers have been over-strained. The case may be that of a young man, a student, perhaps, who had a burning thirst for knowledge,

but whose mental tension had been too great. With impaired memory and loss of health, he is now a wreck for life. It may be that of a professional man, with bright prospects. The worry of pecuniary embarrassments, combined with an excessive zeal for the cause of his clients, may have prostrated him. Or the case may be that of a business man. What with the anxiety connected with mercantile affairs, and the excessive watchfulness needed in these days of eager competition, his health has given way, and he begins to feel life a burden. To such men as these the day affords no comfort, the night brings no rest, and morning no renewal of the joys of labour.

‘Such are some of the evils produced by an undue exercise of the brain. Now, what is the remedy for this state of things? The commiserating friends say: “You must take things easier; you must not worry so.” Very good advice, undoubtedly, but the question is, how to act upon it? Then, when the worry continues, and the evil increases, the patient is told, “You must go away, and you must have change of scene and change of air; you must let your business go for awhile.” This advice is all very well. But suppose the patient is disposed to let business alone for awhile, will business let him alone? In the majority of cases it will not do so; and that is just where the difficulty is. The man is tied to his work, his business, or his profession. Too often it cannot be deputed to others without suffering; and to give it up altogether would be giving up the means of livelihood. What, then, is to be done?

‘Let us, in the first place, see what the nature of the case really is. The influence of the mind over the body is so great that the whole vital economy may almost to any extent be accelerated or retarded thereby. A cheerful and



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GROUNDS, ETC.

easy mind promotes nervous energy and healthy secretions, while the very opposite effects are produced by severe or continuous mental application. The brain is, so to speak, the reservoir of nervous energy, and when this is exhausted there is a flagging of the whole system. The stomach is often the first organ to suffer. It loses its tone, and digestion goes on imperfectly. Hence the prevalence of dyspepsia and hypochondria among literary and professional men. In fact, so direct is the influence of the brain on the digestive organs that sickness and vomiting are among the earliest symptoms of many affections of the head. Not less marked is the influence of the mind or brain on the action of the heart and lungs—hence the sighing, palpitation, fainting, and even death from mental emotions. It is also not uncommon to see, in early or middle life, fever of a violent character induced by unremitted mental exertion and anxiety. A case in point is that of Sir Humphry Davy, who, owing to fatigue and over-excitement of brain, was attacked with an illness which reduced him “to the extreme of weakness, and the mind participated in the debility of the body.” Then, again, vascular excitement of the brain, always the accompaniment of continuous mental activity, gives rise to irritation and sleeplessness. Thence follows that despondency which sometimes leads to mental alienation and suicide.

‘Now, what is the subject of this brain-fag and its concomitant evils to do in order to get well, when he cannot leave his business for more than twenty-four hours at a time? The remedy I would suggest is hydropathic measures. With these we speedily mitigate his troubles, and eventually remove them. The hydropathic measures are but a use of natural means. They do no violence to the system: they simply help Nature; and in brain-fag a little aid is all that

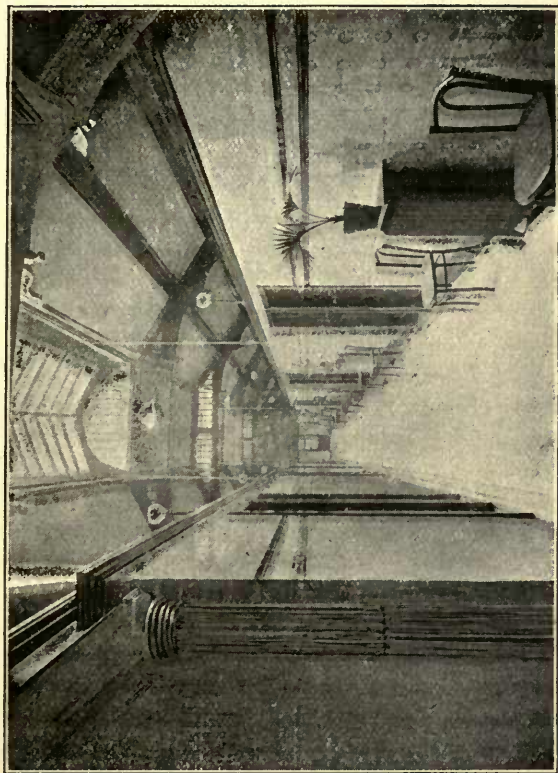
is required. The skin has to be brought into full play, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. The stomach, and the adjacent organs, need to be strengthened, the action of the heart soothed, and the circulation improved. Long experience enables me to say that these effects can be produced more quickly and satisfactorily by means of hydropathy than by any other remedial agency.

‘All external applications act directly on the nerves, and these control the circulation, by means of which alone can Nature rid the vital organs of that which oppresses them. But the measures are not uniform in their effects. Thus (1) the invalid may, according to the indications of the case, be plied with cold applications to give tone and to invigorate. (2) With the wet-sheet packs to allay irritation, to reduce fever, and to act as a sedative generally. (3) With the hot air, vapour, sulphur, or other medicated baths, to act as depurators of the blood. (4) With the sitz-baths acting as powerful derivatives. (5) Judicious diet, exercise, etc. All these form a battery of appliances to which the most obstinate cases of brain-fag must eventually succumb.

‘With regard to the cool applications, the sudden contact of the water gives to the cutaneous nerves a powerful impulse which is carried within to the ganglia of the viscera. The impulse given to the ganglionic nerves is aided by the indirect sympathetic action of the cerebro-spinal system.

‘The effect of this double nervous impulse is to send an electric thrill through the whole system, and to rouse it to renewed activity.

‘There are those who say the treatment is dangerous. My answer is, danger can arise only from the greatest bungling and incompetency. But it is disagreeable, say others. Those who have had experience of it (the first Lord Lytton among the number) have found it the reverse.



GENTLEMEN'S BATH HOUSE.

Anyhow, it is worth while enduring much to secure a return of health, and those who have gone to the trouble of getting ill, should not be unwilling to put themselves about a little, and to submit, if necessary, to a few disagreeables in order to get well again. A course of hydropathic treatment need not take these patients from their business. The treatment can be carried on at home, or at any establishment within easy reach of their homes. And to those sufferers in the busy city who have got into the habit of bolstering themselves up with stimulants, nothing could prove of more advantage. "Patients," says Lord Lytton, "accustomed for half a century to live hard and high, wine-drinkers, spirit-bibbers, whom the regular physician has sought in vain to reduce to a daily pint of sherry, here voluntarily resign all strong potations, and after a few days cease to feel the want of them, and reconcile themselves to water as if they had drunk nothing else all their lives. Others, who have had recourse for years and years to medicine—their potion in the morning, their cordial at noon, their pill before dinner, their narcotic at bedtime—cease to require those aids to life, as if by a charm.

'Moreover, a person who has once experienced the benefits of this hygienic treatment does not merely start forward again with renewed health, but with something added to his education. He has imbibed new ideas with reference to health, and the laws of its maintenance, so that it is next to impossible for him to relapse into his old habits.'

CHAPTER VII.

EXTENSIONS AT MATLOCK BANK.

THE following sketch of the progress of the institution, and the building developments, appeared in the *High Peak News*, June 23, 1888 :

‘Since the introduction of hydropathy into Matlock by the late Mr. John Smedley it has developed as rapidly as any of the acquired sciences ; but at no place has the water-cure system gone through more varied changes than at the “Home” of this beneficial treatment. From the humble house situate on Matlock Bank, where the genius of John Smedley laid the foundation of the famous institution, which has his name for its powerful attraction, and his principles of comfort and convenience for its guidance, no greater transformation has taken place amongst the hundreds of establishments which have originated from his ideas than at the sanatorium which carries on the universal hygienic business under his world-known title. Smedley’s at Matlock Bank has ‘mended its ways’ indeed. Within its walls is sufficient splendour to make the most fastidious lead happy lives. Colonel Burnaby, in his “Ride to Khiva,” relates that he saw over a Russian tavern door the enticing invitation, “Get drunk and be happy, all for a penny.” At Smedley’s you have a distinct advantage over this : you can, and must, keep sober, and be thoroughly merry—well, not gratis, but

or a moderate sum. The doors are open as freely to the artisan as to the millionaire. It has sheltered foreign potentates, distinguished noblemen in diplomacy and statecraft, and the noblest and grandest have honoured it with their presence. The visitors' book is a gazetteer which includes patients from Australia, China, India, America, and all parts of Europe. The history of hydropathy is not yet penned. When it is, the potent name which formed the most interesting annal of this system of physiological treatment will be inscribed in the contents. John Smedley is inseparably associated with hydropathy, and to his experience and experiments some parts of Derbyshire owe very much of their prosperity, and thousands will concede that they have been relieved from suffering. It is said water was the sole article in the pharmacopœia of Napoleon I. The great Corsican is reputed to have thus addressed an Italian physician: "Believe me, we had better leave off all these remedies. Life is a fortress which neither you nor I know anything about. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defences? Its own means are superior to all the apparatus of your laboratories." Napoleon, then, believed in water when he referred to Nature's means as superior to physic.

'Hydropathy is growing in favour in all parts of England. It is not merely in the warm months that Matlock is sought by the invalids, and those who are deprived of the advantages of a more genial climate in the sunny south. In winter it is equally favourable. The place is effectually sheltered from cold winds by the nature of its situation.

'The growth of Smedley's institution is without rival. The late philanthropist commenced in an ordinary house. He had no medical education, but had long studied human physiology. The more he pondered over this subject, the more convinced he became of the inexpediency of bleeding,

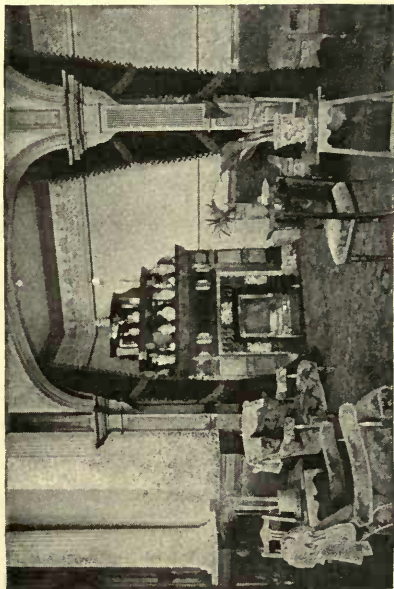
cupping, and the other drastic remedies then employed. He commenced in a house fitted to accommodate six persons. The numbers gradually increased to about 1,600 per annum, and in 1867 they had reached 2,000. At this number the patients remained for some years, owing to want of accommodation. In 1867 so many persons were refused admission that Mr. Smedley decided upon the erection of a new and commodious building. It was completed a year later, the engineer, architect, and clerk of the works being Mr. Smedley himself. Then the patients rose to 2,500 per annum. During this time the whole responsibility rested upon Mr. Smedley. His patients were scattered all over the world, and with them he had correspondence. Besides, he advised upon every case, and was at business by five o'clock every morning. The strain was too heavy, and he became anxious to secure the services of a medical gentleman who would relieve him of the personal supervision of cases. It was not until 1872 that Dr. W. B. Hunter was met with. To him was given the sole charge of the medical department. The choice was most judiciously made, and the name of Dr. Hunter was as popular as that of any specialist of the day. To him Smedley's is largely indebted for its present renown. In 1875 the institution was acquired by a limited company, with a capital of £50,000. Probably over 3,000 cases are dealt with annually, and with the increased accommodation these numbers will be exceeded in future.

'The establishment is fitted with all the modern appliances for bathing, cooking, and every comfort which human foresight can discover. There are extensive pleasure gardens, tennis-lawns, skating-rinks, etc. When the premises came into the possession of the present company, steps were at once taken to improve and enlarge them. It was decided to do the work in four sections. The first was commenced

in January, 1881, and included a spacious entrance-hall, grand staircase, bedrooms, reception rooms, lavatories, secretary's office, and other rooms. The entire cost was placed at £30,000, and the style adopted that of the Queen Anne period. The whole of the woodwork is American walnut, interspersed with oak. An elaborate dado of walnut runs round the walls, the upper parts being effectively covered with lincrusta-walton. At the south end of the hall is a memorial window to the late Mr. Smedley. It was erected by public subscription, and contains over 300 square feet of glass, the cost being about £350. The symbolical figures are: in the centre, Truth seated in a well, holding her symbols—a glass of water and a mirror; to the left a figure of Hygeia, and to the right one of Æsculapius. The second section was begun in 1864, and comprises dining-hall, bedrooms, and a lofty corridor, 100 feet in length, connecting the east and west wings. The dining-hall is most ornately designed, and is 90 feet by 45 feet, the roof resting upon twenty-eight Corinthian pillars. It has accommodation for 250 guests. This section cost £10,000, making an immense improvement. The third section was commenced in October, 1886. It consisted of the main front of the building, looking over the valley in the direction of Masson and Matlock Bath. The façade is designed in Italian renaissance style, very freely treated. The effect is very imposing and elegant, both internally and externally. The new drawing-room is 95 feet long, 45 feet wide, and 22 feet high. The roof is constructed of iron concrete, and forms a promenade. Besides 28 bedrooms, there are added in this block, a recreation-room, 80 feet by 30 feet; a private dining-room, 27 feet by 18 feet; ladies' and gentlemen's cloak and ante-rooms; and matron's and manager's offices. It is more particularly with this new portion we have to deal.

‘As we have stated, in October, 1886, a contract was let to Mr. L. T. Wildgoose, of Matlock, for the construction of the third block of buildings. The plans were prepared by Mr. G. E. Statham, architect, of Nottingham and Matlock, as were all the other designs for the company. The actual figures for the masonry were £5,107, and of course the extras increased this sum. The woodwork was undertaken by Messrs. Moore Brothers, of Rawtenstall, at a cost of £2,924, and the furnishing and decorating was placed in the hands of Messrs. Foster and Cooper, of Nottingham. Of the capabilities of these firms nothing need be said. They have carried out the plans in the most finished style, and Smedley’s will serve as a reference for them. For general excellence their work cannot be excelled.

‘To give a description of the new drawing-room is a task of no ordinary character. It is superb and perfect. The opinion obtains that the room is second to none in any semi-private place in the country. At one end is a permanent stage, 20 feet deep and 20 feet wide, with ante-rooms. It is flanked by Corinthian columns and pilasters. The stage is as large as those in most of the leading theatres. All the architectural work is of free classic style, from the plans of Mr. Statham. This magnificent room is elaborately decorated, and furnished in artistic taste. There are six recesses on one side. These are arranged to give a sight of the great hills to the west and south. The seats are upholstered in steel-blue frieze velvet, tastefully draped with velvet curtains. The woodwork is richly carved, and the seats are fixed for a view of almost the entire room. In one of these recesses is a beautifully-carved mantelpiece of exquisite design. Opposite the recesses are six spacious windows, with fanlights above. The windows are of costly stained glass, the centre panels of which are figures repre-



A CORNER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

senting the Muses. One of the features of this elegant apartment is the embroidered blinds, which give an artistic effect and a splendour to the rest of the room. The window curtains are also of the richest velvet. The woodwork is chastely decorated. The doors, the recesses, and the windows are done in solid walnut, all finely carved. The dado is of Japanese paper, whilst the middle part is an ordinary rich blue paper, with a handsome fringe running round the top. The floor is covered with a carpet which has been specially manufactured for Messrs. Foster and Cooper in Bohemia. It is about one ton in weight, and is made entirely by hand by skilled people, and can scarcely be said to wear out. The splendid thickness and softness of the pile makes it like walking upon moss. It is luxurious and costly, and fits exactly in every part, like one immense piece, though, on account of the great weight, it was necessary to have several sections. The settees, ottomans, and chairs have been specially designed and constructed so as to take apart and form in line for entertainments. The colours are various, principally the electric blue and old gold. There are centre tables and card tables, all made *en suite*. The roof is most delicately and prettily decorated with cream and gold, interspersed with terra-cotta and light blue. To say the room is immensely rich does not convey an idea of the exceeding beauty contained within the four walls. Messrs. Foster and Cooper have more than pleased the directors and the architect with their workmanship. Along with the furnishing of twenty bedrooms, Mr. C. E. Hughes took the contract on their behalf for the whole of this important work.

‘There is another important innovation to be noticed at Smedley’s. Messrs. J. H. Holmes and Co., of Newcastle, have laid apparatus for electric lighting throughout the place.

The system is the Swan incandescent. There are 350 lights, but the directors have wisely not dispensed with gas. In the event of any mishap, the gas can be used as previously. Mr. W. B. Askew, of Matlock, has erected an engine-house near the laundries, on the road side opposite the central block. The cost is estimated at about £1,500. The corridors, offices, and rooms are illuminated with electricity, and the effect is charming.

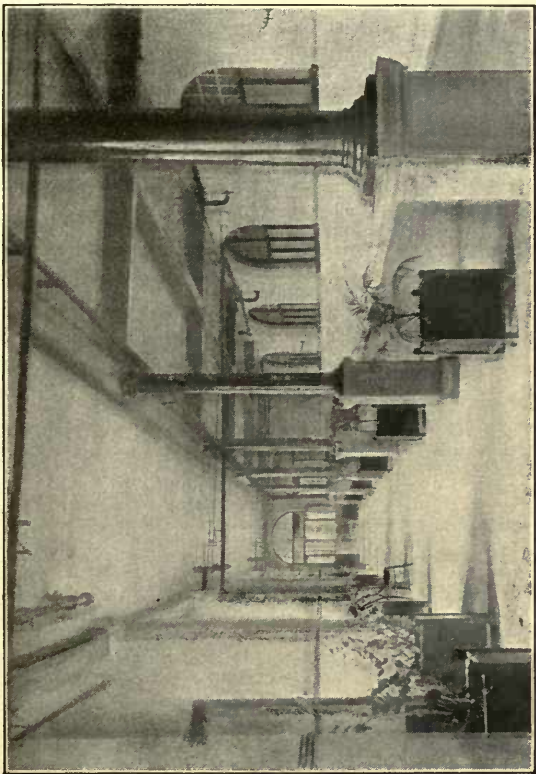
‘The company’s architect, Mr. G. E. Statham, may be warmly congratulated on his admirable schemes, and the methodical manner in which they have been carried into effect. The comfort of visitors has scarcely been interfered with, and this is a consideration, when not less than 100 patients are staying there at once. Mr. W. Doxey was clerk of the works. He has spent the last thirty-five years, with the exception of short intervals, in the service of Mr. Smedley and the present proprietors. Under his direction the premises were heated with steam.

‘We cannot omit to mention the arduous duties of Mr. A. H. Douglas, the late manager, who held a very responsible position. He was courteous and obliging, and had the interests of the gigantic concern in his care. Along with the matron, he had to regulate the establishment and the large staff of over 150 servants.

‘The ceremony of formally opening the new drawing-room took place recently. A *recherché* dinner was provided, and 190 guests sat down.

‘In the evening a grand ball was given in the dining-hall, Mr. J. H. Barnes’s orchestral band being entrusted with the important engagement.

‘The success of Smedley’s seems phenomenal, as year by year the visitors increase with the comforts of the colossal structure. There is yet another section to build, but it



DRILL-ROOM AND WINTER PROMENADE.

may be some time before this is put in hand. The buildings alone cover one and a half acres. It need not be added that the treatment here obtained is of the most perfect description, the diet varied and judicious, and that nothing remains to enhance the charms of the establishment.

‘The new billiard-room, which forms the fourth instalment to the magnificent establishment belonging to the Smedley’s Hydropathic Company, has been formally opened. The apartment has a frontage to the main promenade, which runs the whole length of the sanatorium, and is situated at the southern extremity of the new block, which has been erected during the past few years. The new billiard-room has a magnificent internal appearance, and no expense has been spared to make it as luxurious as anything to be found in the county of Derbyshire, or the country. The dimensions are 42 feet in length by 35 feet wide. The ceiling has been elaborately decorated, the workmanship being of the highest merit. The upper portions of the windows are fixed with stained glass of novel design, with centre pieces depicting the various national games, such as golf, croquet, tennis, archery, cricket, billiards, and skipping, the last four of these forming the corresponding feature in the ornamentation on the other side of the room. The wainscoting and general decoration of the walls are most attractive in appearance, the whole being of highly-polished English oak, which is carved in all manner of pretty devices. The wainscoting is relieved by costly Sienna marble pillars, a feature of the decoration which has the advantage of being new as well as beautiful. Ranged along one side of the room are recesses which will accommodate small parties for cards or social purposes, and these are ornately decorated, in keeping with the other portions of the room. The upholstery is of the best description, and the lounges placed around the room

are covered with frieze velvet. The illumination of the room, so as to procure the best light, has been one of the studies of the architect, and wonderful success has been achieved. The main lights are six large plate-glass windows, facing the front of the terrace, and looking into the Derwent valley. There are also skylights. After darkness, the whole is lighted by electricity, which has formed one of the attractions at Smedley's for several years. The ventilation of the room is perfect, and the heating apparatus is the same as that supplying the whole of the colossal hydropathic establishment. There are two billiard-tables in massive oak, to correspond with the fittings of the room. The floor is laid in mosaic marble, which is also to be found in the entrance hall of the establishment. The cost has been about £6,000. There was no ceremony at the opening of this portion.'

It is necessary to make a brief allusion to the extensions which took form as competitive institutions. The friendly rivalry, however, created but little, if any, jealousy or irritation on the part of the head of the parent institution.

Mr. Charles Rowland was one of the first to act upon the assumption that a second institution might not be a bad speculation. He built Rock Side in the year 1862, and it has been enlarged from time to time to meet the increasing demands made upon it.

Experience soon proved to Mr. Smedley that accommodation ought to be provided for the middle classes of society, who could not afford to pay his terms. Accordingly, one or two of his experienced bath-men were induced to open establishments of this description. Mr. Thomas Davis, of Prospect Place, and Mr. Ralph Davis, of Chesterfield House, were the first to try this experiment, which proved in every way successful. Those below and others followed :

Mr. George Davis, of Tor House.
Mr. Henry Ward, of Bank House.
Mr. Freckingham, of Rose Cottage.
Mr. James Hawley, of South View.
Mr. Crowder, of Wellfield.
Mr. George Barton, of Jackson House.
Mr. Stevenson, of Belle-Vue.

A number of Manchester gentlemen formed a company and erected Matlock House.

The new remedial revolution was not to be confined to the narrow limits of Matlock Bank ; and it being found desirable to strike root elsewhere, congenial and fruitful soil was found at Buxton, Southport, Manchester, Ashover, Tansley, Baslow, Darley Dale, and many more places—a striking proof of the value and importance of the hydro-pathic system.

The new baths are a scientific triumph, nothing which skill and capital can provide being wanting. The Turkish and Russian baths are excellent of their kinds, and are most valuable curative agents. They are great luxuries, and much of the treatment in the other baths is most enjoyable. Under the direction of very eminent medical ability, there are gathered together, so far as is practicable (to use an American phrase), the finest curative means on earth. Electrical and other excellent treatments have due attention. Let invalids (if possible) have these advantages, and get well *rapidly*. In a very large number of cases money as well as time would be saved. To those who depend upon comparatively small earnings for their living, health is of far more importance than to the rich. Would that some wealthy philanthropist or philanthropists would found insti-

tutions upon similar *curative* lines, and let those hospitals be entirely free to the poor !

A well-dressed lady spoke to me at Smedley's. She voluntarily said she had been much benefited, and had brought her husband and large family for a month. She spoke very highly of the curative powers of the place and also of the excellent management and comfort, and inquired about the origin. I gave her the history, with which she was much interested.

CHAPTER VIII.

RIBER CASTLE.

IN order to examine certain portraits, etc., it was necessary for the author to personally visit Lea Mills, Ribber Castle, and Matlock Bank. This he did in the year 1892.

‘ Leaving Derby in the early morning, I arrived at Cromford Station, and from thence had a delightful walk, mostly by the side of the Derwent, to the village and mills at Lea Bridge. The exterior of the mills has not been altered, and the houses are much as they were in Mr. Smedley’s early days. In a room which is set apart for the work-people’s meals there is an excellent portrait of Mr. Smedley. I received much courtesy from the work-people, who were then at breakfast, and their love and admiration for their late kind-hearted master was very evident.

‘ From thence I walked through charming country to Lea Green ; I afterwards went to Ribber Castle, which was built by Mr. Smedley in the year 1862, only a little time before he commenced the extensive alterations of the building on Matlock Bank. The castle is handsomely built of stone, and it is beautifully situated. The interior, as well as the extensive grounds, is full of indications of good and refined taste. It is stated that when the Upper Lodge on Ribber Hill was finished, Mr. Smedley designed a tower, 225 feet high, with the intention of presenting it to the nation as an

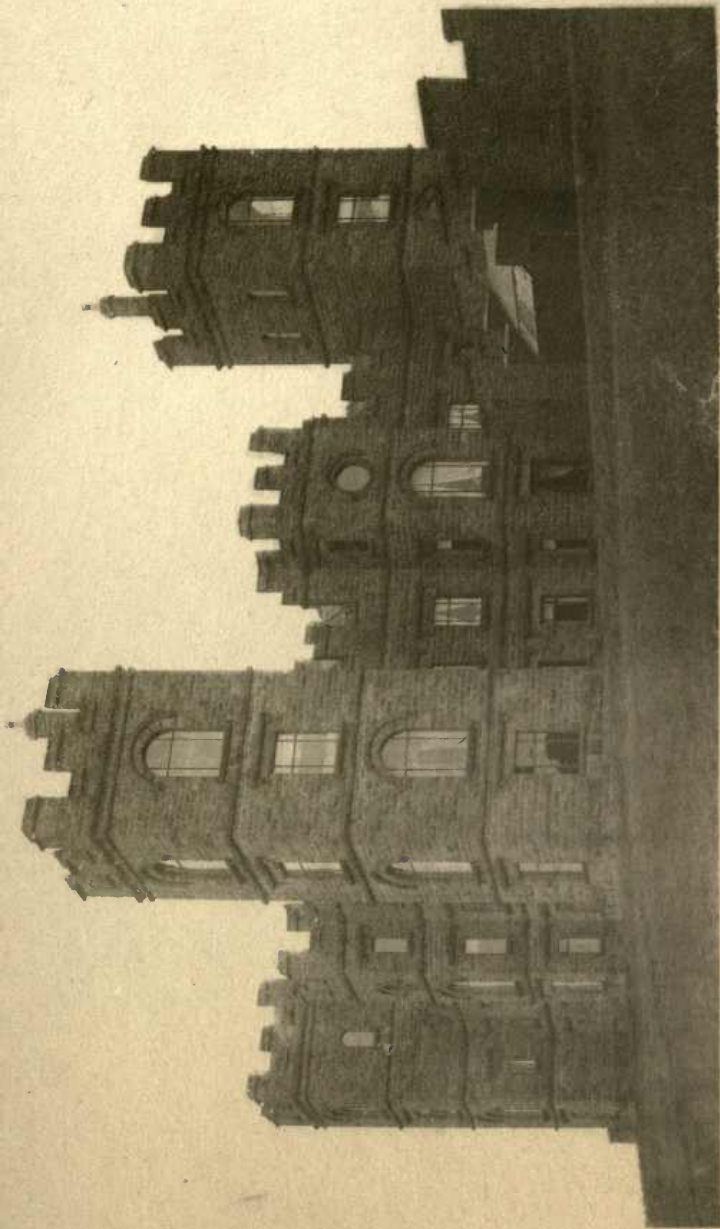
astronomical observatory ; but he found that the base and superstructure were not suitable for the heavy instruments which are now employed in the higher branches of that science. He therefore projected and reared the castle, which stands prominently on the summit of Riber Hill, overlooking Matlock Green and Matlock Bank. He was himself the architect of the entire structure. It harmonizes well with the majestic hill on which it stands, and also with those by which it is surrounded, and it forms one of the most delightful residences in the country.*

‘From Matlock Bank the front of the castle is seen to stand on a very bold and steep eminence. It is peculiar in having no entrance in the front portion. That is arranged at the back of the building. Two things had to be taken into consideration : the great difficulty of approach to the front, owing to the steepness of the hill, and the exposure to high winds. The residence is much warmer than if a large entrance had been put in the front portion. The castle is very extensive ; exclusive of kitchen, coach-houses, etc., it stands upon a quarter of an acre of ground.

‘I arrived at the lodge, and walked through the grounds and past some out-buildings to the coach-house, which is directly connected with the entrance. Several carriages can thus be sheltered at the entrance while their occupants alight. The coach-house is very large. The beams and walls are ornamented with elegant iron castings, and patterns are painted in red, green, blue, brown, and a little gold, with excellent effect. The Smedley crest abounds, and seats are provided.

‘The actual entrance to the mansion is handsomely decorated in colours, and the crest, monogram, etc., are

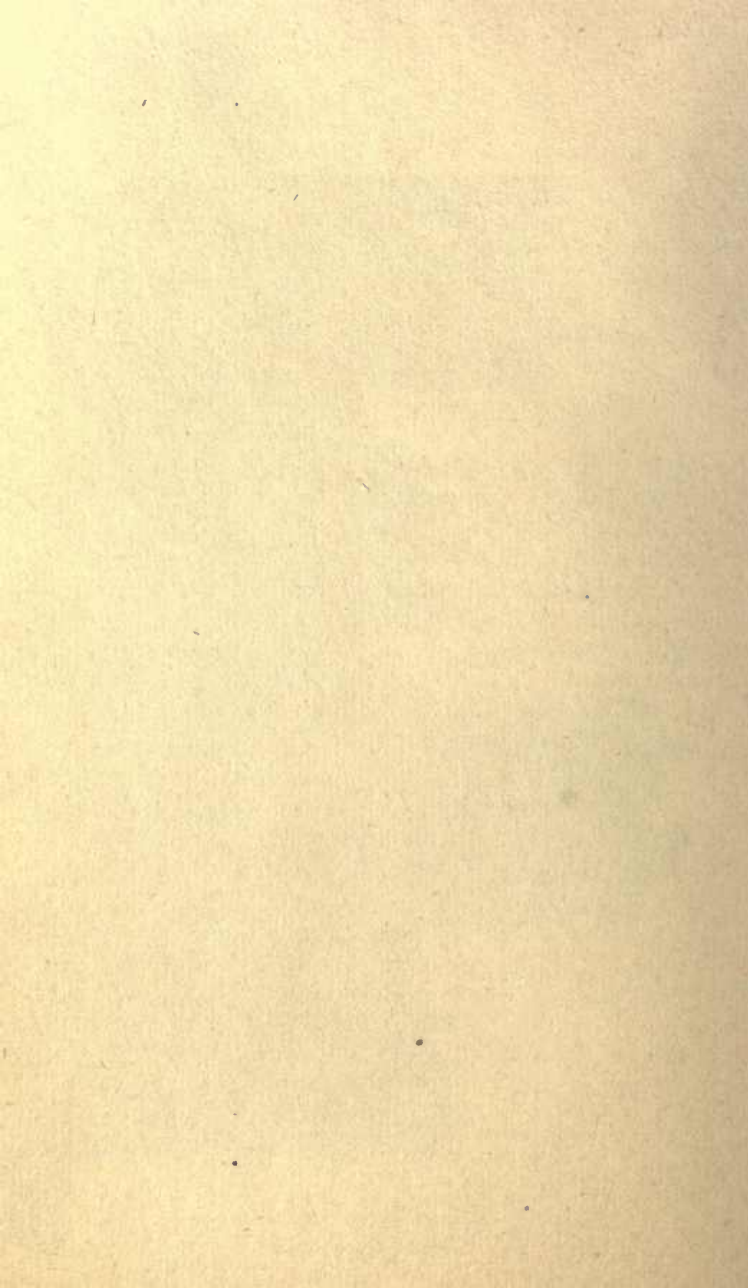
* It is said to have cost £60,000, and it was completed and occupied in a remarkably short space of time.



Collotype Print by

RIBER CASTLE FROM THE N.W.

[Geo. H. Grundy, Derby.]





John & Caroline Smedley.

Riber Castle, Hatfield, Derbyshire.

MONOGRAM, CREST, AND MOTTO FROM RIBER CASTLE.

finely illuminated. You proceed by handsome corridors to the grand saloon, which is entered by a broad staircase. This noble room is about thirty-five yards long and ten yards wide. The staircases at each end lead to a wide gallery running all round, from which drawing-rooms, bedrooms, and dressing-rooms are entered. There are galleries at each end, one story higher than the main one.

‘The seating of the floor of the saloon is arranged down each side, and divided into open boxes, each of which will accommodate some twelve persons. There are chairs in addition. At one end are finely painted oil portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Smedley. There is much coloured ornamentation of a somewhat Moorish style, and statuary, vases, mirrors, choice paintings, and other works of art abound. The floor is covered with rich carpets. All the ornamentation is of Mr. Smedley’s own design. There is an organ, a grand piano, and a bagatelle board. The lighting is chiefly from the roof, and partially comes through pretty stained glass. There are fine chandeliers of cut glass.

‘In one of the rooms Mrs. Smedley held a Sunday-school. The principal kitchen is large and well lighted from the roof, the skylight being of variously coloured glass. The considerateness of the master was seen in his providing for the kitchen a small cushioned sofa. There is a conservatory, which is about fifty feet square. It is evident, however, that much was designed that has never been carried out.

‘There are houses close to the castle, and by removing the inner walls and floor of one of these, and putting in seats, Mr. Smedley made a homely place of worship, which was used for some time. He also built gas-works, in order to supply the castle with light, and sunk a deep well, so that the castle might have an independent supply of water.

‘Some time ago the castle was sold to the Rev. J. W.

Chippett, M.A., late of High Harrogate, a clergyman of the Church of England. It is now a first-class school for boys.

‘On leaving Riber Castle, I visited the establishment on Matlock Bank, and also the Smedley Memorial Hospital, and with this completed what was to me a most enjoyable day, arriving home at a somewhat late hour.’

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH OF MR. SMEDLEY.

MR. SMEDLEY had been ill for some three months, but was well enough to take his ordinary drive on the Friday before his death. Change of air and scene were being arranged for him. During the drive, however, he complained of feeling unwell, and on returning to Riber Castle he took to his bed, and did not rise from it again. On the Sunday he was in great pain, and it was evident that his illness had taken a very serious turn. From that time he gradually sank, and his spirit quietly passed away about six o'clock on the Monday morning, July 27, 1874. He was seventy-one years of age at the time of his death.

The road along the slope of the hills which rise on the east bank of the Derwent, from Holloway to Riber, showed on the funeral morning that some unusual event was about to take place. Groups gathered at noon in the courtyard, and outside Riber Castle, to witness the departure of the remains of one who was widely known and respected. The grave was prepared in the new cemetery at Holloway. On the open common, and on the rocks around the cemetery, and all along the road, spectators had gathered. In the hollow of the valley, where the road dips down to the brook, were marshalled the workpeople employed at Lea Mills, the principal foremen and clerks wearing scarves.

There they awaited the arrival of the hearse and mourning coaches ; and a number of private carriages assembled on the upper road, prepared to join the rear of the procession. It is supposed that there were not less than five thousand people, and the general grief was evidently great and sincere.

After the body had been placed in the coffin, Mrs. Smedley permitted those who wished to do so to look once again upon the familiar face ; and hundreds of persons who had been variously associated with Mr. Smedley availed themselves of the permission.

The funeral was arranged in accordance with the customs of that particular body of Wesleyans—the Wesleyan Free Church—to which Mr. Smedley had, in a sense, belonged. At Riber Castle, before the procession started, the Rev. S. Dyll, chaplain to the Matlock Bank Hydropathic Institution, read the Scriptures and offered prayer. The funeral service was conducted in the Methodist Free Church, Holloway. The pulpit and the singers' pew were draped in black cloth.

Mr. George Barber, who had been for five-and-thirty years in Mr. Smedley's employ at Lea Mills, and who had not only been a confidential servant, but a coadjutor in religious and temperance work, gave the address. The choir sang hymns which were favourites of the deceased gentleman ; among them were : 'They are waiting,' and 'The shining shore.' A portion of Mr. Barber's address may be given to our readers. He said :

'Dear friends, we are about to convey to their last resting-place the mortal remains of one whose end many of us did not expect so soon. It is with tearful eyes and sorrowful hearts that we follow to the grave one whose death will be felt by great numbers, both far and near, to be a most serious loss—indeed, it may even be regarded as a national

loss ; for Mr. Smedley was at once a public benefactor and a generous and familiar friend. In making a few observations concerning the deceased, we would not be influenced by merely personal feelings, we would not judge him simply from the impressions of a long acquaintance with him, but would look at his character and life as a whole, and would point out some of his most prominent traits. There was a marked individuality about the deceased. He was not a man of a class : he was a man who had a strong nature ; and many of us know how difficult it is for high moral and religious principles to maintain complete mastery over such an individual. There is required in such cases a long self-denying process. Mr. Smedley was a man of great energy and of strong will. He was prompt and rapid in his judgments, and was possessed in a high degree with his own ideas ; and hence he would sometimes appear impatient of contradiction or hindrance. But if we take into consideration the qualities I have pointed out, we shall see that many of these things can be accounted for, and we may be helped to form correct views respecting him. He might at times seem to be hasty and severe in his expressions, but we must judge of the whole scope and outcome of his life ; we must lay aside all narrow judgments and contracted views ; get upon higher ground, and take a broad view of the deceased's life and character as a whole.

‘ If we regard him from a business point of view, his has been a remarkably successful career ; and probably his success under God's blessing was owing to his being very clear-sighted, very thorough in all he undertook, and characterized by indomitable energy and perseverance. To regard him as a philanthropist opens a wide field for remark. There was in him a heart that beat true to the poor. He

gave his time, his wealth, and his talents to promote good Christian work, some of which took form as the erection of chapels such as this. He was a liberal supporter of Sabbath and day schools, of all sects and parties, and of all societies whose object is the elevation of mankind and the spread of the truths of the Gospel, such as Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies. He also supported the Temperance and Permissive Bill organizations.

‘The institution at Matlock Bank cost him an immense amount of thought, anxiety, and labour ; but who can calculate the amount of good that has resulted from it, or the numbers that have been benefited by it in body and in mind? They are scattered in all parts of the world—have taken everywhere with them a grateful recollection of the benefits they have received, and have helped to spread its fame.

‘Many around us have found in Mr. Smedley a kind and sympathetic friend ; and since his death letters have been received in which the writers state that they have lost in him their best friend in time of trouble and distress. They had found in him, not only a tender heart, but also a willing and liberal hand. If we come to his workpeople, some of us have been with him upwards of five-and-thirty years, and feel for him a profound esteem ; for, since we have been placed under his care, we have felt that we were cared for. In times of sickness and want he has provided the means by which we could be attended to, and might have proper treatment, nursing and food ; and this he has done gratuitously ; and in many other ways he has given us proofs of his disposition to spare no expense if he could promote the comfort, the health, and the general well-being of those whom Providence had placed under his charge.

‘With regard to his Christian work, I have seen him many times shed tears of gratitude when he had letters

testifying to the good people had received at Matlock Bank ; and he often said, "What are riches compared with the pleasures of religion, and the delight one feels when spiritual good has been accomplished, and when souls are benefited?" Latterly, he has especially been under gracious influences, and open to good teaching and suggestion when wisely and judiciously presented. He longed for Christian communion, and felt it to be of great value to him ; and in order to obtain it called out men whom he had employed and known for years, and in whose characters he had confidence, and gathered them round him for Christian conversation and united prayer.

'Coming to the close of his life, on the Friday he stopped at the works and took a draught of water. On the way home he was attacked with violent sickness, accompanied with extreme pain and suffering, and went to bed, from which he never rose again. He suffered severe pain for nearly two days, but on the Sabbath evening it somewhat abated, and his mind became calm and quiet. He said to his beloved wife, whom he addressed by her Christian name, "I should like to live a little longer, and to show my faith by my works." He had become impressed more than ever with the fact that faith works by love, and produces true and genuine obedience. Amongst his last words were, "Looking unto Jesus." What a simple and beautiful expression that is ! Whatever may be our talents, whatever may be our wealth, whatever may be our labours, or whatever our gifts, we must all come to that if we are to be prepared to enter heaven, and to realize the "rest that remains for the people of God." Another expression he used was, "They shall walk with Him in white, for they are worthy." He had washed his robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. He had realized the power and

presence of Jesus. He had done his work, and was prepared to join those who "walk with Him in white."

' "Into the harbour of heaven now we glide—
 We're home at last !
 Softly we drift o'er its bright silver tide—
 We're home at last !
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore !
 Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last !"'

The procession was then re-formed, and the body conveyed to the cemetery. On the following Sunday the chief mourners attended the service at Holloway Chapel, and the grave on that day was visited by thousands of persons from the neighbourhood.

Mr. Smedley left in personal property over £100,000. The bulk of the estate was left to a distant relative, John Marsden, and he was appointed residuary legatee. To Mrs. Smedley a handsome annuity was left, with Riber Castle and furniture for her life. The young heir sold the Hydropathic Establishment to a limited company. In about a year after coming into the property he met with an accident, which proved fatal.

The following inscription is placed on the monument erected to Mr. Smedley's memory in Holloway Cemetery :

IN MEMORY OF
 JOHN SMEDLEY,
 OF
 RIBER CASTLE AND LEA MILLS,
 WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, JULY 27TH, 1874.
 AGED 71 YEARS.

'I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.'—*John xi. 25, 26.*

Erected by the Employés, in remembrance of his unceasing kindness, liberality, and care for their welfare.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. JOHN SMEDLEY.

JOHN SMEDLEY met with a wife who was in every way suitable for him, and eminently useful in furthering his various philanthropic schemes. She was equally at home in promoting religion, tending Mr. Smedley in his times of sickness, visiting invalids, or prescribing treatment at the hospital and at the institution. She was full of zealous affection, and as clever as she was enthusiastic. No wife could have loved with stronger devotion, while her subjection to her own husband was as perfect as even the Apostle Paul could have desired. She was characterized by great amiability of manner, and was, in many respects, a model woman.

Soon after their marriage Mrs. Smedley was plunged into trouble. Her husband's serious illness, with its after-complications, and some severe family afflictions, very greatly tried the young wife, and her qualities as wife and companion were put to a severe test. It was four years after the marriage that the hydropathic system restored the health of the sufferer. When deliverance from the depressed condition of mind and feeling was vouchsafed, the change was so complete, and the new condition of health and spirits so delightful, that the tribulation through which they had passed, and which had duly wrought patience,

experience and hope, seemed only a 'light affliction, and but for a moment.' In the year 1850 Mr. and Mrs. Smedley seemed to begin a new and regenerated life; nothing could be more evident than the genuineness, thoroughness and magnitude of the change through which they had passed; and there can be no doubt of the sincerity of their resolve to lead henceforth godly and self-denying lives of service to others. This is shown on the one hand in the pamphlet which was sent to the workpeople, and on the other in the zeal with which time, talents, and wealth were consecrated to the highest ends.

In all Mr. Smedley's benevolent work his wife showed as much zeal and activity as he did, and they were harmoniously united in every good word and work. She did not, indeed, publicly preach the Gospel, but she did almost everything besides. She was a class-leader; she presided at prayer-meetings; she was an earnest worker in tract-distribution; and she was an enthusiastic supporter of organizations for distributing the Word of God.

After a time, however, Mrs. Smedley withdrew her support from the British and Foreign Bible Society, because that society thought proper to distribute translations of the English Bible which she believed to be imperfect.

Mrs. Smedley was regarded by those who knew her as a most spiritually-minded woman—one who lived 'not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' She constantly drank of the Water of Life, and it was more than meat and drink to her to do her Heavenly Father's will. It was an unusual privilege to hear her read a portion of Scripture from her well-worn polyglot Bible, and this it was her custom to do after nearly every meal. Her clear, melodious voice, so full of sympathy and so rich in pathos, gave additional interest to that



PORTRAIT OF CAROLINE SMEDLEY
ABOUT THE YEAR 1888.



Gratefully yours
Caroline A. L. L. L.

AGED ABOUT 66.

which was read, and even seemed to unfold new and deeper meanings. She had great powers of personal influence and persuasion; and her gift in prayer was quite unusual. To listen to this Christian pleader in a public meeting was to feel as if one was brought near to the throne of heaven. A very large portion of the sentences she used in prayer were adaptations of Scripture phraseology.

She was indeed 'a burning and a shining light,' and to the hour of her death this fervour of spirit remained characteristic of her. Hers was a beautiful life of self-abnegation and Christly service, full of holy joys and heavenly aspirations.

Mrs. Smedley devoted herself for nearly twenty years to the care of the female patients, both at the hospital and at the Institution. That she should have fitted herself so well for these serious responsibilities, and acquitted herself to the almost universal satisfaction of so large a number of sufferers, is not the least remarkable feature in the career of this gifted woman. Courageous as she was by nature, it must have been a great strain to her to undertake the position of medical practitioner, and to prescribe the treatment for the female patients. At first her patients were those who were taken in gratuitously at Lea Mills, but her work among them provided her with invaluable experiences. She did not know much about physiology or pathology, and her education on such matters was necessarily slow. But the hydropathic practitioners, who began to spring up rapidly at this time, did not wait until they were qualified by having passed medical and surgical examinations prior to opening their respective establishments, and prescribing hydropathic treatment. They began as boldly as if they were entitled to put M.D. after their names. It

was not, therefore, regarded as either strange or dangerous that Mrs. Smedley should direct the application of simple remedies according to the prescribed formulæ of the water-cure system.

A friend of mine, in conversation with one of the lady patients, who had made two somewhat prolonged visits to Matlock Bank, was enabled to gather some interesting particulars of the success Mrs. Smedley attained. Addressing the lady, he said :

‘I believe you were a patient under Mrs. Smedley at Matlock Bank?’

‘I was there on two different occasions.’

‘How long is it since your first visit there?’

‘Well, I can hardly say ; it is so long ago—more than thirty years, I should say.’

‘Was it before the new wing was built?’

‘Oh dear yes ; long before that time.’

‘About how many ladies would there be in the establishment when you were there?’

‘That I cannot remember.’

‘Thirty or forty?’

‘Oh yes ; more, I should say. I remember that Miss Allport, Sir James Allport’s daughter, was there, and the daughter-in-law of Sir Titus Salt. Mr. Jacob Bright was there, and I remember his being very vexed at having the late box presented to him for being a little behind time. He left soon afterwards, and it was generally thought on account of being boxed.’

‘A good many distinguished persons were, I believe, in the habit of going to Smedley’s, even in those far-off days?’

‘Oh dear yes—a great many ; but they were all patients, you should understand, and took the treatment.’

‘Just so. I understand that. The rules were then very strict, I believe?’

‘Very.’

‘And strictly enforced?’

‘Yes.’

‘Giving offence occasionally?’

‘The Smedleys did not mind that. If the rules did not suit, those who were not satisfied were at liberty to go, and were given to understand this.’

‘Tell me whether you think Mrs. Smedley understood the work she had to do?’

‘I thought so. In my own case she showed great penetration, and prescribed treatment which proved most suitable. I was in a very weak state. I think I only weighed a little over seven stones; but I was the mother of a moderately large family. I improved rapidly, and got quite well and strong.’

‘That was your first visit. What about your second?’

‘Well, my second visit was a repetition of the first, or nearly so, as regards the treatment and its effects. I was again in a weak state from over-work, worry, and want of rest.’

‘And the treatment set you up again?’

‘Completely.’

‘What kind of baths were prescribed?’

‘Oh, the ordinary mild treatment. A tepid wet-sheet before breakfast. A warm wet-pack in the forenoon. A tepid sitz-bath in the afternoon. Sometimes instead a dripping-sheet. I had a soap-blanket, which I remember was most enjoyable and refreshing.’

‘No mustard-packs or steam-boxes?’

‘No, nothing so powerful as that. You see, I only wanted gentle stimulants, plain diet, cheerful companion-

ship, and rest. Mrs. Smedley told me that was all I required. I had, however, a good deal of mustard rubbings with the hands, and various chest and spinal bandages. I see by my little book of treatment, which fortunately I have preserved, that I had occasionally rain-bath ; sitz, 70° ; blanket-rubbing ; mustard-plaster to the liver, and a turban for the head.'

'And your second visit was as pleasant as the first ?'

'Delightful.'

'I am told that the food is very plain, and somewhat restricted, especially as to flesh meat.'

'All ailing persons need plain food if they are to get better. One great secret is—and this I learned by talking to others, and by reading Mrs. Smedley's book—not to overtax the stomach. If you do, the food you take does not get properly digested, and therefore cannot build you up as it otherwise would. As to flesh meat, I think the restriction to one helping is a very wise one. Patients recover all the sooner by observing this simple rule. Much mischief would follow not partaking sparingly, or not abstaining altogether, when this was prescribed. The heads of the institution were often greatly annoyed by the obstinacy of patients who refused to submit to rule. I see printed conspicuously on the front page of my treatment-book this expression of regret : "The restoration of patients to health is very often retarded, and even prevented altogether, by their partaking too freely of flesh-meat. Scarcely one comes to the establishment without derangement of stomach, and in these cases the less flesh meat they take the sooner will the mucous inflammation be subdued, and good action of the digestive organs commence. August, 1866."'

'You appear to me to be pretty well up in these mysteries.'

‘Well, I ought to be, seeing the time I was there.’

‘Then you consider the food was not too plain?’

‘How can the food which God sends be too plain? You might as well talk of the air being too pure. I’m surprised at you, Mr. ——!’

‘I’m seeking for information—sincerely and anxiously, let me assure you.’

‘The patients were more than satisfied.’

‘I suppose almost everything has been altered since those days—the mode of treatment, diet, house regulations, amusements, everything?’

‘I suppose so. For better or worse, I won’t say. Of course the place now is simply charming—superior in its artistic attractions. Nothing is forgotten that is calculated to minister to one’s comfort. Forty years’ experience, with plenty of money, should make the institution as perfect as it needs to be. Still, I question whether, with all the new scientific appliances, the artistic decorations, and the luxurious appointments, another sojourn would be more enjoyable than the two I have already had. Dear Mrs. Smedley, how we loved her! And how precious her memory must be to all who made her acquaintance!’

‘Yes; I believe she was a good woman. But did she not do a little too much preaching when she was prescribing?’

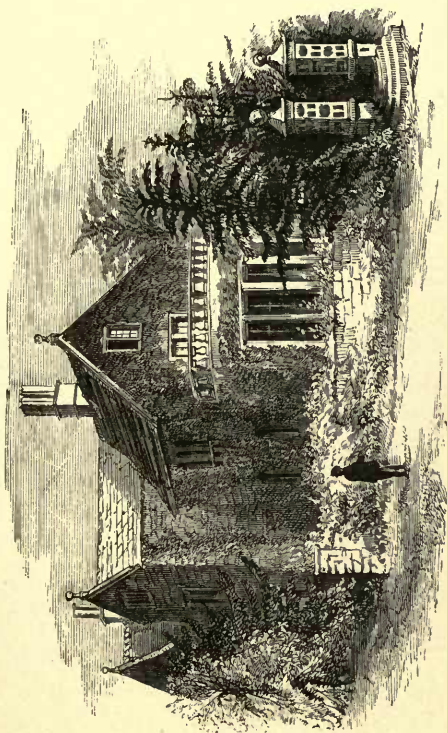
‘No; I don’t think so. She never once named religious subjects to me during either of my visits. But why do you ask that question?’

‘Because I understood that she did rather too much in that line; and I notice Scripture texts even in your treatment-book.’

‘So there are. But surely that would not offend anyone. You will find the same thing done at railway-stations. Mrs. Smedley believed in “sowing beside all waters.”’

‘Never having seen a photograph of Mrs. Smedley, I am curious to know what sort of person she was, and how she dressed. I suppose, being of such a religious turn of mind, she would appear in very simple and colourless attire, and no doubt wear a Quaker bonnet?’

‘Nothing of the sort, I can assure you. With Mrs. Smedley dress was a work of art ; she made it a study, but not for the sake of show. In her daily relations she met with numerous cases of despondency ; so her idea was, that she could help her work by appearing in every way as bright and as cheerful as possible. To this end she nearly always appeared in a bright blue silk gown, a white lace shawl thrown over her shoulders, and a white front, with frills, and a flower therein. Her hair, which was auburn, was done quite plain, and parted in the centre. Both hands were well covered with valuable rings, and her countenance was ever lit up by a cheerful and happy smile. Her consulting-room was a sort of floral bower, full of choice plants and flowers, which surrounded her on every side, and the sight must have made many a sad heart light. Everything the eye beheld was calculated, and indeed intended, to cheer and charm. Mrs. Smedley once told a friend that if circumstances ever called upon her to put on conventional mourning, she should object, so far, at least, as her presence in the institution was concerned. Would you believe that in the skirt of that beautiful dress there was the “hoop” of the period? Mrs. Smedley excused this apparent leaning to the world’s ways by saying, that these mechanical appliances rendered dress pleasant and cool in the hot weather. Jewellery for the hands, crinoline for the dress, and bright colours all over the figure would, if the effect were pleasing, be commended by most persons, and would be classed among the things required by “proper pride.”’



• LEA HURST, NEAR MATLOCK, THE HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

After the decease of her husband, Mrs. Smedley interested herself in founding the Smedley Memorial Hospital on Matlock Bank, and for years she gave medical directions for the female patients. This hospital is the only one of its kind. It is partly supported by voluntary contributions, and is an immense blessing to the poor, as it enables them to have the treatment for the time that is necessary to effect a cure.

The late Dr. Hunter, for so many years head physician to the Smedley Hydro, was one of the chief founders of this hospital. In memory of him, a new wing has just been added, at the cost of about £700, called the Hunter Wing, the money for which is not all subscribed.

Mrs. Smedley died at her residence, Riber Castle, on Friday, February 26, 1892, after a protracted illness. On the death of Mr. John Smedley his widow retired to Riber Castle, and it is said that she never visited the hydropathic establishment afterwards. About a year before her death grave concern was felt as to her condition of health. There were signs of cancer. In the later stages of the disease the advice of the London representative of the famous Count Mattei was sought; but medical skill was of no avail, and the disease took its usual course. The last day of her life she fell into a comatose state, and passed away about nine o'clock at night.

The funeral took place at the Holloway Cemetery on the Wednesday afternoon, in bitterly cold weather, but amid general manifestations of grief. The *cortège* left the castle at two o'clock, the hearse being followed by eight mourning coaches, and some private carriages. At the cemetery a short burial service was read by the Rev. J. Harward, of London, brother of the deceased, who also officiated at the

graveside. The coffin was of beautifully polished oak, with panelled sides and silver furniture. It was placed in the same vault as that of Mr. Smedley.

FUNERAL SERMON IN CONNECTION WITH THE BURIAL
OF MRS. JOHN SMEDLEY, OF RIBER CASTLE.

BY THE REV. E. CLARKE.

‘The little chapel at Riber—opened and sustained for so many years by Mr. and Mrs. Smedley, where they sought together the Divine strength and light they needed for their great work for the bodies and souls of men—presented recently an interesting though mournful sight. The large congregations drawn together to the two services were for the most part in deep mourning, and few remained without tears. There, alas! was the empty place, and the books which the “Mother in Israel” would use no more. There was the sweet, simple, reverent service of God which was composed by the late Mr. Smedley, but her clear inspiring voice would lead the responses no more. Nowhere was the loss more felt than in that room. Never absent, *never late even*, during all her busy years, it was hard to realize she was gone from the familiar seat for ever.

‘Special psalms—the 39th and 90th—were read, and special prayers offered for the sanctification of this great loss to all, and for the consolation and guidance of the bereaved, particular mention being made of the sorely-tried servants of the deceased.

‘The text was taken from the Epistle to the Philippians i. 20: “According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.” The following is a brief outline of the sermon :

‘Paul’s great object—to magnify Christ, whether in life or in death. What life is without its object? Who is without his ideal? Grant me it, let me attain to it, and I can die happy. Let me fail of it and I have lived in vain. Even in the grave I could scarcely rest. But whose ideal is like this? To magnify Christ! How poor an object it is to achieve riches, which may mean the bitterest poverty and eternal loss; to attain greatness, which in God’s eyes, and man’s too, may be the veriest littleness. To pursue pleasure—pursue, but never overtake, or to overtake and find bitterness for sweetness, and ashes for joy; or a worse ideal still—ideal, indeed!—to simply drift, to exist and not to live, to rest in slothful ease. What are such life objects to this: to magnify Christ, to be God’s witness among men, God’s foremost and most forceful manifestation of Himself; to set forth the glory of Him we love, the light of our seeing, the strength of our heart, and the joy of our life? Not Paul, but Christ; not self, but the Saviour: this the aim of his life and teaching, his earnest expectation and hope in life and death. By what rare means does he seek to accomplish this? High ideals must have high pursuits; high ends demand high ways. “Christ may be magnified in my body.” Surely there is some mistake; the instrument is not equal to the music, the means to the end. Would not the Mother of our Lord have taught him better? “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.” “Spirit,” “soul”—that is more fitting; but what can you do by means of a poor body? How can it praise or magnify Christ? Or listen to David: “The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.” That is right. All the universe is only a fitting organ to sound forth His praise, and “day unto day,” until the end of time, not

sufficient to "sing through the hymn." But think again. Is not Paul right? What is the world better for all your spiritual emotion, however rapt and pure, unless it permeate your body, speak through your lips, look through your eyes, and work through your hands? We want to hear your religion in your footfall, and feel it in your hand. We want it to stream through your garment's hem. Then is the world better for it. How different is this view of the body to what, alas, is too common with us! Yes, that very body we so often defile, despise, abuse, we treat it as a mere receptacle for food or exhibitor of clothes; we corrupt and defile it with passion, and sometimes fill it with disease and pain; yet that body is holy unto God; is the instrument of His praise; a temple for His presence; a means of His manifestation. Call it what you will—dust and ashes—the dust was made for Deity, and the ashes He redeemed with His precious blood. Let Christ be magnified in your bodies.

'We see through one another in a sense we hardly think. We are never long really unknown to each other. We all live under glass, and as we watch the works of a clock through the shade that covers it, so may we watch the workings of each other's hearts. It is not pleasant work to do. Do men really know what we are in heart? Yes; far more than you think—far more than you care for. But what is there you ought to wish to hide? Surely not your Christian faith, your love to your Lord and Saviour. He claims you for His witness. You are to magnify Him in your body. This is what the world wants. Even the greatest things of life and death are such small print to the worldly that they cannot read them. Show them magnified in your life till the sight startles them, as often the sight of magnified print has done. Make it so plain in your life that there is one Father

of us all—the God of Love; one Saviour of us all; one Holy Spirit—the Comforter—that the truth shall startle them. Let them see in you the peace of God, and the truth of God, and the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the gentleness and patience and loveliness and goodness of Christ, until they shall crave your Saviour to be their Saviour, and your Friend for their Friend. Be His living epistle printed in bold lines so that he who runs may read that God is in you of a truth. Bring the distant near, too. How many say they believe these things, but they are so far off in the dim past or the distant future that they feel them not. Bring Calvary into the present. Let them see that you are both crucified and risen and living with Christ. Bring the Day of Judgment into your present-day transactions. Live as honestly, as nobly as if before the great white throne itself, as, indeed, you are. Try not to-morrow, but to-day. “Behold, now is the accepted time;” “behold, now is the day of salvation;” “to-day, if ye will hear His voice.” All these things God was teaching the world through Paul, and these things God has been seeking to teach us again through His hand-maid, whom He has taken to Himself.

‘If anyone might take “Magnify Christ” for a life motto, it was Mrs. Smedley. She lived in and for Him. They who knew her best knew what Christ was to her. They saw also what Christ was doing in her. It is only now that she is gone we are beginning to see how great and good a woman she was. The place she has left empty—empty, never again to be filled—is teaching us that. The improbability of finding anyone to do the work she did is bringing it home to us. I am speaking among you who have known her long and intimately, and I ask you if you ever expect to know another like her? We know only too sadly we shall not look upon her like again.

‘You say, or others say it for you, there were imperfections and blemishes ; but this is only to say that she was mortal. Had she been perfect, she would not have been here. But is it not the sweetest and the ripest fruit that is often most specked and pecked ? And this we know : her feelings were never the feelings of weakness, but of strength, without which she would not have done the work she did. But I bid you look up. Two Sabbaths she has been in heaven now ; for so long has she gazed on Him she loved and longed to see (and we do not love Him unless we long to see Him) ; and what now is it you see, if you can see her at all for the glory in which she dwells—what but this, that she is without spot before the throne ? Every blemish, whether it made or marred her character here, is gone, and she is like Him she loves. Now she magnifies Him, and mirrors Him as she could not here below. She magnified Christ in her life conversion. Ever, from the blessed time when she first definitely knew and realized the personal love of Christ, she gave Him love for love, and life for life. For Mrs. Smedley’s was that privileged lot of knowing, not only the certainty, which is the great thing, but the circumstances of the coming-in of the Divine life into the soul, which is a very comforting thing.

‘Be that how it may, she testified that one may be brought up in “the highest and straitest sect of our religion,” and do and forego many things for the sake thereof, and prosper therein before many others, and yet know not the inward reality thereof that changes all, and brings with it peace and power.

‘Paint and stone, or wax with millinery, can go far in imitating life. They can be moulded and shaped into the image of a man according to the beauty of a man, so as even to deceive the living. But they are not living : the

gulf between life and death remains unbridged. To the teacher in Israel as to the most degraded there comes the Divine requirement—the voice of God and not man—"Ye must be born again." And it is the voice of Love. For it were better not to have been born at all than not to be born again. But the joy of that great change—whose effect is so great that it constitutes a new act of creative power—she knew and rejoiced in. So did Paul. Such definite knowledge is not given to us all. We may not all see the sun rise, but we may all know when the new day is come. Consecration is that act wherein we give again to God that life He has given to us; and conversion was not more certain and definite to her than consecration.

'I remember almost the first talk I had with her, now close upon twenty years ago; the wonderful distinctness with which she remembered the consecration of herself to God—the place, the hour, and the witnesses present. Her all was then and there laid upon the altar, and now we witness the completion of that sacrifice. Truly, the altar fire has never gone out, and now the last fragrance of the evening sacrifice has gone up to God, and the Lord was well pleased therewith. She brought her best to God—the glory of her prime, the fulness of her powers, the very flower and fruit of her sweet and potent womanhood. Unto the utmost limit of her powers "she hath done what she could." The cruse of ointment was very costly; how costly, very few knew. But He knew all her work. The whole day would not suffice us to tell that.

'But go, stand upon the brow of this hill, and look away across the valley to that new town lying in the sun, and the great institution, ever growing greater, and the town around it, ever growing with it. On the front of that institution, in large letters, is the name of Smedley. There, and

in that growing town, you see her monument. We may say hers emphatically, for none would have been so ready to testify as the devoted partner of her toilsome life that to her woman's love, her woman's wisdom, her woman's patience and tact, was due the success of the great work they jointly achieved. And yet she has brighter and nobler monuments. Some of you owe yourselves to her. Other monuments are found in hearts and lives all over the world, and these will only be read in the fulness on the last day.

'She magnified Christ in her death; yes, friends, more than in her life. Her last months of suffering here taught us that suffering is greater than service. How many have asked the question, "Why should one so good and useful be stricken down by severe sufferings?" Because, friends, the most active and devoted of us cannot be perfected by the things we do, but only by the things we suffer; because our highest, holiest fellowship with Christ is in His sufferings; because our hardest service and severest test is found in suffering—therefore, as with our Lord, it usually comes latest; "because there is a Divine need-be" in suffering beyond our ken. Neither Paul nor Peter entered heaven without suffering. And she, who had borne the heat and burden of the day of toil, must needs pass through the Refiner's fire, that she might issue forth on the other side as gold seven times purified. We have not seen the pure gold, but we have seen the Refiner's fire, and we thought we saw the Refiner sitting there, until He saw His own image in the precious metal. But this we do know: great as were those sufferings—great beyond our power to fathom—*they are already forgotten*. They were not worthy to be compared with that "exceeding weight of glory which has been revealed in her." If you could hear her now, she would tell you that, great as was the trial, there was not, even in her

case, an unnecessary tear, or a pain that could be spared. Believe it is so in your case. You mourn to-day in great sorrow of heart ; you have lost one whose place can never be refilled. Some of you sorely need guidance and help. But though she is gone, her Saviour remains. He is here to be your joy, as He was hers. Cast your care upon Him. Let Him dry your tears. By nothing could you please her more than by giving yourselves wholly to Him.'

APPENDIX.

TESTIMONIES, INCIDENTS, ANECDOTES, ETC.

THE following incident is recorded in the biography of the late Mr. Wilkins, of Derby, written by his widow: 'In grateful thankfulness would I record an act of noble generosity on the part of a gentleman who was then a comparative stranger to us—John Smedley, Esq., of Lea Mills. Coming one day to order some little printing matter, he perceived the depression under which my poor husband was labouring, and kindly insisted on knowing the cause. He listened to the sorrowful detail, and then immediately wrote out a cheque for some hundreds of pounds (requiring only an IOU for it), which was sufficient to tide us over the emergency, making at the same time this characteristic remark: "How can I see the Lord's child go to the dogs without stretching out a helping hand?"'

Walking towards the graveyard on the day of the funeral, a friend overtook a female who was draped in mourning.

'You're going to the funeral,' he remarked.

'Yes,' she said; 'I could not go to the funeral of a better.'

'I suppose you're one of the "hands"?'

'No, I am not. I don't work there at all; but Mr.

Smedley was very kind to me when my husband lay ill in the house ; so I am merely going out of respect.'

'Indeed !'

'I once went to the castle to see Mrs. Smedley about my husband, who was ill. When I got there, Mrs. Smedley was out, but Mr. Smedley came to me, and I felt quite afraid to speak, as I had never spoken to him before. He asked me what was the matter, and I told him my husband was ill of the dropsy, and I wanted to ask for a bit of mustard and a bandage. "I'll give you a note to George Grattan," he replied, "and he shall give you what you require. But how are you off for bedding ?" "Well, he has not complained yet." "But the cold weather is coming on ; and if your husband is dropsical he'll require extra clothing. George Grattan must give you one of the best blankets.'"

So the poor woman got all she wanted, and the blanket besides. It was the unexpected gift that touched her heart.

On the same occasion this friend met another person who deeply deplored Mr. Smedley's loss.

'Mr. Smedley saved my son's life. He came home with a fever,' he said. 'I let Mr. Smedley know, and he immediately sent a carriage to take him to the hospital, and there he was quite restored to health. I shall always respect Mr. Smedley.'

The following paragraph is taken from the *Yorkshire Post* :

'John Smedley was a remarkable man, and did remarkable things. It seems strange that a man of such peculiar mental construction—bordering sometimes on lunacy itself—

should be the author of so many practically useful movements ; but, as George Eliot truly says, "The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men. . . . The real heroes of God's making are quite different : they have their natural heritage of love and conscience which they drew in with their mother's milk ; they know one or two of those deep spiritual truths which are only to be won by long wrestling with their own sins and sorrows. . . . Their sympathy is perhaps confined in narrow conduits of doctrine, instead of flowing forth with the freedom of a stream that blesses every weed in its course ; obstinacy or self-assertion will often interfuse itself with their grandest impulses ; and their very deeds of self-sacrifice are sometimes only the rebound of a passionate egoism." So it was with John Smedley, for when at his very best his worst was there ; and if some riddling process had been practicable there were not wanting, to all human appearance, qualities enough to form an ideally perfect man.

'John Smedley was a man of extremes, and nothing if not extreme. Perhaps it was this special characteristic which lay at the root of his success. "Let your moderation be known unto all men" was never his doctrine, and he had the good sense never to take that text as the "foundation" for a Sunday discourse. Overflowing with impetuosity, with but little ballast within himself, he was continually doing the unaccountable, even in plain matter-of-fact business transactions ; but when he became a religious propagandist, and had, moreover, the responsibilities of a hundred patients resting on his shoulders, along with his new notions of medicine and morals, there were not a few ready to adopt language that was used in somewhat similar circumstances, and to say : "Thou art beside thyself, John Smedley ; too

much religion hath made thee mad." "I am not beside myself," would then be his ready and reasonable answer, "but speak the words of truth and soberness; and whether ye will hear, or whether ye will forbear, *Magna est veritas, et praevalabit.*"

'In nothing, perhaps, did John Smedley show more strikingly how extremes meet than in his own change of views as regards remedial measures. At one time he was a great believer in a well-known pill, which was administered freely to the workpeople in all cases of illness or ailment named in the handbill found in every pill-box. Afterwards he became as much averse to pills as he was to pastry. In the early stages of his hydropathic experience he maintained that cold applications acted as a tonic, and in order to demonstrate the truthfulness of this theory some of his first patients at the free hospital were sent, in the depth of winter, to a neighbouring well about half a mile distant without shoes or stockings! Afterwards, finding that 'it is cold that kills,' he discarded cold applications almost entirely, and to secure warmth for the feet, which he now deemed of the utmost importance, he invented a warm wellington boot which was lined with fur, and had these made for ladies as well as for gentlemen.'

A selection may be made from the abundant testimonials of the benefits derived from visits to Smedley's Institution :

' *January 27, 1859.*

'DEAR SIR,

'How widely and far society at large is benefited and blest by your philanthropic efforts! I am but one of the many who have received such benefit physically and mentally; one of those who, dwelling in distant places, are

gratefully influencing others by communicating information, and relieving and curing the bodily sufferings of such as come within our reach. In my sphere, as a minister of religion, I am continually brought in contact with the sons and daughters of affliction. For several months past I have had patients in hand, and I am happy to inform you that in no case have I been unsuccessful. Seldom a day passes without one or more applying to me for advice, and, such as it is, I thankfully give it. Often, both day and night, I am in the sick-room, personally applying Nature's efficacious and simple remedy for the various ailments of the human body. Not unfrequently I am designated an enthusiast by incredulous lookers-on; but much oftener does the blessing of those who are ready to perish fall on me. I can only mention a few of the cases which I have undertaken, and this I do by way of encouragement to perseverance in your valuable labours for the public good. . . .'

'REGENT STREET, L——,

'March 5, 1860.

'MY DEAR SIR,

' . . . At Matlock, in connection with the "water treatment," I met with that mental repose, cheerful society, exercise, diversion of mind, and kind, encouraging treatment from others which I so much needed; and, by the blessing of God on the means used, I came home, as they told me, a *new man*. My mental and nervous vigour seem to have been quite renewed, and the entire tone and action of the system appears to be better than it has been for the last fifteen or twenty years. Without speaking in the spirit of vain boasting, I believe I may say, in truth, that I can both study and preach with greater facility and ease than

I ever could in my life before, and yet I had given up all for lost.

‘I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,
‘S—— B——.’

The following handsomely illuminated and framed document was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Smedley by the patients at the Matlock Bank establishment :

‘TO JOHN SMEDLEY, ESQ., AND MRS. SMEDLEY.

‘A number of the patients in your hydropathic establishment feel desirous of expressing their sincere gratitude for the benefits they have personally received, and their great admiration of the knowledge and skill displayed in your application of the curative powers of water. Your solicitude for the poor, and your untiring endeavours to alleviate their sufferings, are above all praise ; while the efforts to place your wealthier patients on the footing of freedom from pecuniary obligation, in unison with a disinterested economy, are equally manifest and honourable. And when we recollect the extent to which your establishment has grown, its heavy responsibilities, and the time and attention it absorbs, we are not only struck with the purity of your motives, but impressed with wonder at the unflagging zeal and unremitting care so truly consecrated to the relief of human suffering.

‘To the assistance you have so generously rendered to other establishments, to your various publications and reiterated teachings, which have made the truths of hydro-pathy like “household words,” we attribute, under God, the remarkable success which has been witnessed. Thousands have been delivered from anguish, and restored to health and joy, who, but for the water-cure, would have

lingered in pain, and finally have sunk into a premature grave.

‘But not alone for physical benefits do you merit our thanks. The mental, moral, and spiritual interests of all under your care have been sedulously studied. Many have been profited in spirit who sought only bodily ease ; and many have received religious counsel and consolation who came only for improved health.

‘Temperance, providence, and education, with other means of social elevation and progress, have found in you both goodwill and good works. When we remember that to such noble uses you have devoted a fortune honourably acquired by superior skill, diligence, and commercial integrity, and that it has been by the constant self-abnegation and relinquishment of luxuries you have conferred so many benefits on others, we are impelled to express more than common admiration at conduct so unworldly, and sacrifices so rare.

‘With lively emotions, such as have arisen from the observation of your daily lives and labours, it would have given us great pleasure to signify them in some permanent and artistic form. But respecting your objections to even the appearance of ostentation, we venture to present this simple but truthful expression of our sentiments, to evince how high and dear we, at least, esteem your kind Christian and skilful labours ; and so long as Providence may be pleased to prolong your valuable lives to benefit mankind, we earnestly pray that you may see your work of love prosper exceedingly, and that the blessing of God may rest upon you both, until your final reward shall be realized in His kingdom.

‘*January 1, 1863.*’

There is also an illuminated and framed address to Mr. Smedley from the Methodist Free Church meeting at Cromford, containing their thanks for his fitting up a schoolroom, and for his great liberality.

'January 10, 1865.

'MY DEAR MR. SMEDLEY,

'I received a newspaper to-day making known to me the Christmas Day Dinner at my old favourite pathological rendezvous, Matlock Bank Hydropathic Establishment. Long may you and Mrs. Smedley live to be toasted upon such good fare every Christmas Day, and long may the virtue of water in its applications internally and externally to men's bodily infirmities be the panacea in your hands; as it has hitherto proved under God's blessing a balm for innumerable woes, and the well-spring of life and force to many a distracted mind and shattered frame. In fact, I speak with all respect to the Great Being when I say your system has been to many a physical resurrection of a dying body. I often ponder over the many months of pleasure and happiness I enjoyed under your care. Thank God, body and mind are now reaping the advantages of skilful appliances, kind and considerate treatment, and every means which skill and experience could devise in giving increased energy to every faculty and function of an active frame.

*"Let us, then, be up and doing.
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."*

'I am in excellent health myself, and discharging public and private duties with my usual good health, and when I again visit my old favourite place, I hope it will be to join in supporting the toast, "Long life, happiness, prosperity,

and increasing usefulness to John Smedley, Esq., and his devoted partner."

'Yours faithfully,

' * * * '

'JOHN SMEDLEY, ESQ.

'In unu Jesu omnia.

'Thy friendship, 'twas no hollow-sounding name ;
 No gilded opiate of a clouded soul ;
 No commonplace begot on windy shams ;
 No silly fascination of blind sense ;
 No selfish speculation for mean ends ;
 No coquetry of feeling changeable
 And fleeting as the lines of summer clouds.
 It was the passion of a noble heart ;
 The instinct of affinities sublime ;
 The appreciation of God's thought in man,
 Apart from accidents of birth or state,
 Favour or fortune, or the glare of gold.
 Thy heart was warm and simple as a child's,
 But rich in virtue and impulses high.
 Who trusted thee trusted the grasp of honour ;
 Who loved thee felt he loved the good in thee ;
 And such affection never makes ashamed.
 Thy morning broke amid tempestuous clouds,
 Night warr'd with day, and storm succeeded storm,
 But innate virtue and thy Maker's hand
 Sustained thy course, and made each angry cloud
 Reflect back rainbows. Thy various trials worked
 In thee endurance, and that patience taught
 Thy soul philosophy unlearned in schools,
 And filled thee with the wealth of hope, and shed
 A halo round thee of unmingled peace.
 Oh, may I seek, like thee, life's noblest ends,
 Aiming to garland it with flowers and gems,
 Celestial religion to combine
 With duty and philosophy, as
 The Graces' hands were joined in blissful dance

In Academician groves ; or like those suns
 Triplex, by astronomic ken beheld
 In heaven, whose complementary hues
 Declare them from one fountain. Thus to live
 May it be mine ; thus to illustrate life
 And make earth radiant with the light of heaven !

‘S. J. BAND.

‘GLOSSOP,

‘August 3, 1874.’

‘IN MEMORY OF THE LATE
 JOHN SMEDLEY, ESQ.,
 OF RIBER CASTLE.

“And they shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy.”

‘Calmly the sun uprose, another day
 Filled with its amber light the silent room,
 As with the dawn a spirit passed away—
 Passed to the “shining shore” beyond the tomb.

‘Yearning we stand beside the hallowed earth,
 With stricken hearts and sorrow that is pain ;
 For well we know, as we record his worth,
 We ne’er shall gaze upon his like again.

‘Silent the voice, and stilled the true, warm heart
 That lived for others, and who counted dross
 All things that spoke not of the “better part,”
 A Saviour’s love, and Calvary’s blood-stained cross.

‘He passed away as fades the setting sun
 In western skies. His harvest-field was white,
 His sheaves were gathered, and his work was done :
 The Master called him for the crown of light.

‘His works shall live, though midst the holy dead,
 Live in our hearts, and homes, and shrined above ;
 And future ages, when long years have sped,
 Shall speak of him with reverence and with love.

‘MRS. HOBSON FARRAND.

‘MATLOCK.’

The writer saw, when visiting Riber Castle, a book bound in black, in which Mrs. Smedley had arranged a large number of letters of condolence, etc., on the decease of her husband. A few of these he ventures to give to his readers :

‘ I fear that his valuable life has been prematurely ended by his large-hearted and self-denying work for the benefit of others, thousands of whom still live to bless his memory ; and how many more who, through his influence, have entered into rest, would welcome him on that glorious day when the battle of life was ended and the victory won. I know, dear Mrs. Smedley, how you must feel the loss of such a husband, and we all feel the deepest sympathy with you, and pray that He on whom you lean may give you peace and comfort in your time of trial.

‘ *December 31, 1874.*’

‘ His loss will be felt through a wide circle of friends, as well as relations, his life having been so much devoted to ameliorate the condition and sorrows of others, and to do good to all that needed a helping hand. We have a lively remembrance of his many acts of kindness.

‘ C. D. E.

‘ *July 28, 1874.*’

‘ I feel that I must write a few lines to assure you of our deep sympathy with you in your great bereavement, and to join in with the hundreds—I may say thousands—who will feel that by the death of your dear husband they have lost a friend indeed. I am sure that we can from our hearts say so, for I believe that, under God’s hand, he was instrumental in twice saving my life.

‘ JAMES W. B.

‘ *July 30, 1874.*’

‘FROM S. MORLEY, ESQ., HALL PLACE, TONBRIDGE.

‘I knew your husband, I suppose, probably longer than most of his friends, and have seen him under many phases, and remember with pleasure not only the universal kindness of his nature, but the equity which characterized all his dealings during many years and in very large transactions. But he is now at rest, and with him sorrow and sighing are at an end. As one after another is removed from the ranks, I pray that we may be found looking forward with increasing confidence and anticipation to a reunion with those who are gone before.

‘August 3, 1874.’

In the Guard Book there is a small card with floral ornamentation. A circle is drawn upon the card, and twelve spaces are made by drawing lines from the centre to the circumference. In one of these is written the word ‘Trust.’ In the others the following Scripture references :

Prov. xxii. 19 ; xxviii. 25 ; xxx. 5 ; Ruth ii. 12 ; Ps. iv. 5 ; xxxvii. 3, 40 ; cxxv. 1 ; cxli. 8 ; Isa. xxvi. 4 ; Jer. xvii. 7 ; Nahum i. 7.

These well repay for looking out. ‘Trust’ is the burden. I ask my readers to do this in a devotional spirit, and imagine they hear the beautiful musical voice of the late lady reading them.

THE END.



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